

FIRE DESTROYS BAKER & HARTLEY'S BUTCHER SHOP

On Sunday morning at about 5.30 fire was discovered in the butcher shop of Baker & Hartley, on 24th St. An alarm was turned in and the fire brigade was on the ground promptly. There was little wind, and that from the north, and the brigade was successful in confining the fire to the building, although at one time the Bakery and Lemie's Shoe Shop appeared to be in danger. The butcher shop building is practically burned beyond repair and the stock was totally destroyed. Some insurance was carried on both store and stock. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The fire brigade wish to thank A. W. Bawden for his kindness in providing hot coffee and cakes for the fire fighters after their strenuous struggle in subduing the flames.

GUARANTEE OF IRRIGATION FINANCING

EDMONTON, March 17.—Complimentary guarantee of both principal on the bonds on irrigation districts which was approved by a government was the final irrigation project to date in this favorable situation is the Lethbridge Northern, and a guarantee of the bonds of that project will be given at this session of the legislature in a bill to be introduced in the next few days.

The Herald learns that the private members in the caucus were almost unanimous in favoring the full guarantee of irrigation bonds. There was practically no opposition after the minister had set forth to the caucus the various proposals on the subject of irrigation aid.

Discussion of the decision of the government to guarantee irrigation bonds, Provincial Treasurer C. R. Mitchell said this morning: "A special bill will be drafted and presented to the legislature covering any irrigation scheme or schemes which are in a position to proceed with work, and guarantees made applicable to same, provided the provincial irrigation engineer reports favorably on the engineering feasibility and financial soundness of the scheme."

Specific Guarantee Legislation

"In each case it will be necessary to pass specific guarantee legislation. The General Irrigation Act now provides that all contractual and other powers are vested in board of trustees but such power can only be exercised by the board with the approval of the irrigation council, which is a government appointed body."

"Any financial arrangements entered into by the board, such as the issue and sale of bonds by the district, must receive the approval of the provincial treasurer. In cases, however, where the provincial guarantee is asked, guarantee legislation will provide that the greater part of the powers of the board of trustees, now vested by the general act, shall be exercised by the irrigation council, thus giving the province complete control of building operations in cases where provincial assistance is given."

"The guarantee legislation will contain a provision to this effect. The bill is now in course of preparation and Premier Stewart expects to introduce the same almost immediately."

When a man gets so deep in love that he can't get out, he drags some poor girl in with him.

NO DECISION YET RE PLEBISCITE ON LIQUOR CONTROL

EDMONTON, March 18.—Copies of the Edmonton Journal circulated in the legislature Thursday just before adjournment at 7 p.m. announcing that a plebiscite on the subject of government control of liquor in Alberta will be held this year, created a sensation in the house.

Premier Charles Stewart took occasion to say that there was "no authority" for a statement of the kind. The premier admitted that the liquor question had been discussed in the Wednesday night caucus of government members and ministers, but said no decision had been reached.

This is exactly what the Journal story said: That no decision had been reached by the caucus but that information from the majority of the members was that this policy—a plebiscite on government control—was a foregone conclusion. The next caucus on the subject will be held probably Friday night.

Mr. Stewart's statement was made on a copy of a story which also appeared in The Calgary Herald of the same date: The premier said:

"I have before me a copy of the Edmonton Journal which states that 'People will vote on liquor plebiscite.' There is no authority for any statement of this kind. The Liberal party held a caucus last night and reached a decision on irrigation. We did discuss the liquor question, but did not finish. As soon as we were in any conclusion on this matter, I will inform this house."

TOWN COUNCIL HELD REG. SESSION ON MONDAY NIGHT

At the regular meeting of Macleod Town Council held last Monday evening there were present Mayor Fawcett; Councillors Gardiner, McDonald, Morris, McNichol, Thewlis and Secretary-Treasurer Brown.

Morris-McDonald—That minutes of last previous meeting be adopted as read.—Carried.

Several communications were read and filed.

Gardiner-McDonald—That Public School be granted \$1500 for salaries for current month.—Carried.

A number of accounts OK'd by the Finance Committee were passed. McDonald-Morris—That Secretary Brown be instructed to call for nominations and arrange for election of a councillor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Councillor E. J. Muldoon. Date of nominations Monday, April 11th.—election Monday, April 18th.—Carried.

Fawcett-McDonald—That letter of condolence be prepared by the Mayor and Secretary Brown and forwarded to Mrs. E. J. Muldoon, widow of the late Councillor E. J. Muldoon.—Carried.

McNichol-Gardiner—That council sit as a court of revision to hear appeals on 1921 assessment on Wednesday, May 4th.—Carried.

Council went into committee of the whole to consider tenders for pasture lands and applications for position of assistant in Town Office.

Council rose from committee of whole.

Fawcett-Gardiner—That tender of W. A. Day for cropping privilege on S. E. quarter 1-9-26 be accepted.—Carried.

McNichol-Gardiner—That tender for pasture of agriculture lands at \$100 be accepted on same condition as last year.—Carried.

McDonald-Morris—That Miss F. McKenzie be taken into the town office as assistant to Secretary Brown one month on trial at salary of \$50 per month.

Thewlis-McNichol—Adjournment.

RECORD-BREAKING TURNOVER OF FARM PROPERTY LISTING

On Monday of this week E. West-haver listed his farm of 320 acres located 10 miles south with A. T. Leather for sale—one hour later Mr. Leather had sold the property to A. Hatton, of Macleod, for a consideration of \$8,000.—this would seem to be a record in real estate transfer in this district.

J. L. Fawcett advises The Times of having transferred the north-east quarter of section thirty-four and the south-west quarter of section thirty-five both in Twp. 7, Rge. 26, from Samuel G. Gillespie to Allen W. Parker for a substantial consideration. Mr. Parker is well known in this community as a substantial, practical farmer.

Mr. Gillespie sold the farms on account of the ill-health of his wife and will engage in some occupation affording Mrs. Gillespie needed relaxation from active work.

If the government could be induced to donate its red tape for use as binder twine, the agricultural vote would be fixed solid.

The average man improves a whole lot as you come to know him better.

GERMANY IS STILL UNWILLING TO PAY

PARIS, March 23.—Germany in her reply to the recent ultimatum of the allied reparations commission, refuses to pay the one billion marks gold due on this date and disputes the commission's figures showing a balance of 12,000,000,000 marks due on May 1.

It is maintained in the German note that the 20,000,000,000 marks which the peace treaty provided should be handed over by May 1 has been more than paid.

The note asks that a joint commission of experts fix the value of the German deliveries on reparations account, but it declares that in any event it would be impossible for Germany to pay 12,000,000,000 marks by the first of May.

Violation of Treaty

The note concludes as follows: "If, after the experts have conferred, it is established that there is a deficit in the payments by Germany, she is ready to begin negotiations with the reparations commission regarding the floating of a loan abroad."

The reparations commission met this morning to consider the German reply which was transmitted from Berlin last night.

The German's failure to pay is deemed a violation of the treaty of Versailles which the commission will report to the allied governments. The allies will then determine what measures shall be taken.

It is commented here that the German experts have been heard by the commission, which listened to their arguments before fixing the valuation of the German deliveries credited as payments against 20,000,000,000 mark. This valuation, therefore, was considered final, since the treaty gives the commission sole jurisdiction in the matter.

The reply does not answer directly the commission's demand for a first payment of one billion marks today. This point, however, is covered on the face of things by Germany's contention of over-payment of the entire amount due May 1.

There is nothing said in the note, nevertheless, to show that it would be impossible for Germany to pay this one billion marks, which the reparations commission knows that Germany has available in gold as well as in foreign securities, it is stated.—Lethbridge Herald.

HONORABLE DUNCAN MARSHALL MAKES IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

EDMONTON, March 19.—"The two great things which face the agricultural industry of this province today are: First, agricultural education; and I mean by that the education of the children and farmers themselves; and, secondly, markets."

In these words Hon. Duncan Marshall, minister of agriculture, summed up the policy and aim of his department in the course of a two-hour address on the budget delivered in the house on Friday evening. The minister was the only speaker of the evening. The debate was adjourned by F. W. Lundy (opposition), Stony Plain.

Mr. Marshall spoke of the two great necessities of education and markets early in his speech and returned to it with great emphasis in his concluding remarks.

The minister went on at some length into the conditions prevailing in agriculture today. The farmers of the province had come through the most trying eighteen months that could be remembered in the history of the province. He recounted the two bad crops, the following hard winter, with a very late spring, and gave some account of the work of the government in bringing in feed. They had spent over \$1,000,000 on hay, and the minister said that he was glad to be able to announce that \$24,000 of this had been paid back.

In telling of the work which the province had done in the development of markets, the minister said that they had taken the dairy situation in hand first in 1910. He was warm in his praise of the work of Mr. Marker, who is in charge of this department. Every creamery in the province was now making butter from pasteurized cream. The egg and poultry market had next received attention. Last year Alberta's production of eggs and poultry was worth \$6,000,000. Five carloads of eggs had been shipped to Great Britain last year.

Courses in Irrigation

The minister said that short courses in irrigation farming would be started in Southern Alberta this year, probably in the month of June. He gave an account of the work under the Cow Bill and the accomplishments of the Women's Institutes. With an attendance of 526 students, the Alberta Agricultural schools this year outnumbered any other province in the Dominion. The new school at Raymond had opened with a record opening attendance of 101 students.

When doctors disagree it should not be surprising if the medicine does not agree.

BLACKIE NEARLY WIPED OUT BY \$72,000 BLAZE

BLACKIE, March 23.—The Blackie Trading Co., the Long Fee Chinese Cafe, and the Blackie Hardware company are a smoldering heap of ruins this morning as a result of a disastrous \$72,000 fire early this morning. The cause of the fire is unknown, but it originated in the wall of the southeast corner of the Chinese restaurant.

Summary of loss follows: Blackie Trading Co., O'Neill, McDonald and McDonald, loss \$26,000, insurance \$17,000. L. L. McDonald owned building and fixtures.

Blackie Hardware Co., J. Farquerson, High River, and J. A. Schmidt, Blackie, owners. Loss \$40,000, insurance \$20,000.

Long Fee Cafe. Loss \$6,000, insurance \$3,000.

George Bowls sounded the alarm about 4 o'clock. The flames were then eating their way up the wall of the cafe to the roof. Charles Flynn who came in on the early morning southbound train, taking a room at Long Fee's says he was awakened by the glare of windows and cracking of embers. He awoke the Chinamen, who in a state of panic ran into the streets in their night clothes. Mr. Flynn states that in five minutes the roof was in flames.

The whole business section was threatened but the Municipal chemical and a volunteer bucket brigade stemmed the path of the fire.

MACLEOD GOLF CLUB ELECTED OFFICERS FOR '21

For the purpose of organizing for the coming season, the annual meeting of the Macleod Golf Club was held in the offices of McDonald, Martin & Mackenzie on Monday evening, March 20th. The secretary-treasurer's statement for the past season showed the club to be in very good condition, and with the rapid hold that golf is gradually gaining all over the country, both as a sport and as a means of exercise, it is hoped that the Macleod Golf Club will, too, profit by the growing popularity of the game, and that many new members will take advantage of the excellent nine-hole course that is laid out here and become members of the club. Golf is a game that is not confined to any age, and the older members of the Macleod Golf Club, will be only too pleased to give any advice or instruction to new members, or new players.

The officers chosen to carry on the club for the ensuing year are:

Hon. President—Inspector J. A. MacDonald, R.C.M.P.

Captain—D. G. Mackenzie.

Secretary-Treasurer—A. H. N. Kennedy.

Green Committee—T. B. Martin, R. B. Barnes, C. P. McGladdery and Dr. Fawcett.

The annual fee was fixed at \$10.00 for men and \$5.00 for lady members, and as it is the intention of the committee to get the course put in shape as soon as the weather permits, the secretary-treasurer will be very glad to receive the membership dues at as early a date as possible.

SALVATION ARMY

The week-end services at the Salvation Army will be conducted by the local officer and bandmen: Holiness Meeting, 11 a.m.; Sunday School 3 p.m.; Salvation Meeting, 7.30 p.m.

Band of Love Class at Sister Mercers room, over P. Burns', Friday at 3.30 p.m.

Young people's meeting Friday at 8 p.m.

Everybody welcome.

INCREASED PENSIONS ARE URGED FOR THE RETURNED SOLDIERS

OTTAWA, March 21.—The immediate need of increases in pensions was urged before the parliamentary committee on soldiers' civil re-establishment this morning by C. G. MacNeil, secretary Dominion command G.W.V.A. The present pension was not, he said, filling the gap between disability earning capacity and normal earning capacity of pensioners.

Proposals tabled by Dr. MacNeil asked for increases in widows' pensions; provision for guardians of soldiers' orphans; no deduction of pension because pensioner does not live in Canada, and the equalization of pensions irrespective of rank. Mr. MacNeil urged the necessity of the present pension bonus being made permanent.

Further G.W.V.A. resolutions asked for pensions for dependents of those who die subsequent to discharge and that the percentage of disability awarded a pensioner by a medical board, if satisfactory to the applicant, should not be subject to revision or review at Ottawa. This resolution was not intended to interfere with the applicant's right of appeal if dissatisfied with the award.

HEAVY TOLL OF DEAD IN CAPTURING OF KRONSTADT

LONDON, March 19.—Leon Trotsky, the Russian Bolshevik war minister, leading the attack which resulted in the fall of Kronstadt, had no thought for the terrible sacrifices which the assault entailed, according to advices received here by way of Stockholm. He attacked with overwhelming forces, including Chinese and women, regardless of the heavy loss of life which his followers were suffering.

Kronstadt was engaged from the two directions, the main attack coming from Oranienbaum. The big guns of the defense could not be used but the machine guns of the fortress mowed down the Bolsheviks until piles of dead covered the ice. Fresh columns incessantly appeared out of the dense fog and the Bolsheviks eventually succeeded in penetrating the Peterburg gate only to be ejected.

Launch Final Assault.

About 7 o'clock on Thursday evening the troops, who that morning had subdued the island batteries, started another attack and from the east a fierce final assault was launched. For the third time the Soviets got a hold in the city. There was furious street fighting until 2 o'clock in the morning, when the followers of Trotsky became masters of the situation.

Then the revolutionary leaders ordered the garrison to withdraw to Terioki, on the Russo-Finnish frontier, the way to which had been kept open.

A Finnish sailor, who served on the battleship Petropavlovsk, arriving in Terioki, told how the sailors stood at their guns until the end and death.

NINTH FREE CONCERT BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS ARTISTS

Macleod, Wednesday, April 30, 1921

1. "Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon"—Melba.
2. "Wind Amongst the Trees"—Flute Solo.
3. "Gypsy Love Song"—Baritone.
4. "Kentucky Dream"—Waltz.
5. "I Love You Truly"—Francis Alda.
6. "Little Flatterer"—Bell Solo.
7. "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes"—String Quartette.
8. "My Bonnie Bonnie Jean"—Lauder.
9. "Uncle Josh at the Photographers".
10. "Cuban Moon"—Fox.
11. "John Peel"—Baritone.
12. "Colins Recruiting Speech."
13. "Mikado Selection."
14. Within a Mile of Edinburgh Toon"—Melodion and Piano.
15. "For You Alone"—Tenor.

Seats provided. Concert from 3 to 4 o'clock.—Any favorite record will be played. You are welcome.

A. D. FERGUSON—The Rexall Store.

ANNOUNCEMENT MADE OF THE TERMS OF LEAGUE'S MANDATES

LONDON, March 22.—The League of Nations today issued the text of the mandates of administration for Samoa by New Zealand; of Nauru, or Pleasant Island in the Pacific, a short distance south of the equator, by Great Britain; of German Southwest Africa by the Union of South Africa, and of the former German possessions in the Pacific, south of the equator, other than Samoa and Nauru by Australia, in accordance with the laws of the mandates.

Terms of Mandates

The terms provide for promotion of the material and moral well-being of the inhabitants of the territories; prohibition of slave trading and prohibition of forced labor except for essential public works, for which adequate remuneration is to be paid. Traffic in arms and ammunition is to be controlled. The supplying of intoxicating spirits and beverages to natives is prohibited. Military training of natives is prohibited except for police and local defence. No military or naval bases shall be established or fortifications erected. Free exercise of all forms of worship shall be allowed, and missionaries and nationals of states members of the League of Nations shall be permitted to travel and reside in the territories and follow their callings.

Must Report Yearly

The mandates are required to report to the League of Nations annually on the territory under mandate, and the measures taken to carry out the above obligations.

The consent of the council of the league is required to any modification of the terms of the mandate. If any dispute shall arise between a mandatory and another member of the league regarding the mandate, it shall not be capable of settlement by negotiation, but, instead, the dispute must be submitted to the permanent court of international justice of the league.—Calgary Herald.

There are some things anyone can make—noise, for instance.

clared the two battleships were still firing after the garrison left the town. It is now stated that Petro-pavlovsk and Sebastopol were not blown up by the revolutionists, as had been reported, but that the gun locks were thrown into the sea. The fate of the warships' crews is unknown. The man who is described as the real leader of the revolution is now at Terioki, enjoying popular confidence.

FATALLY SHOT—RESULT OF AN ARGUMENT

EDMONTON, March 21.—Clarence Johnson, a farmer living three miles south of Entwistle, is a prisoner in the A.P.P. cells at Edmonton facing a charge of murdering Edward Thew, a neighboring homesteader. Johnson was brought to the city this morning by Detective Skelton and Constable Shelton of the Alberta Provincial Police.

The dispute which culminated in the tragedy, it is alleged, took place on Sunday afternoon on Johnson's farm. According to details which have filtered into the city there had been trouble between the men for some time, reaching a climax Sunday when Thew went over to Johnson's place and started an argument over a hayrack. The verbal exchanges waxed bitter and when Thew started into the stable with the avowed intention of removing the hayrack, Johnson in the heat of passion is alleged to have fired, killing Thew instantly.

After the shooting Johnson gave himself up to S. S. Munroe, J. P. The latter allowed Johnson to return to his farm pending the arrival of the Alberta Provincial Police.—Calgary Herald.

GOV. RAILWAYS SHOW GIGANTIC OPERATING LOSS

OTTAWA, March 21.—The week-end has been spent by members of the house and of the government in an extensive study of the railway situation, and it is not believed that a minute examination has afforded much comfort. The general impression is that this year, as well as last the situation as explained to the house by the minister, gloomy as his summing up was, might well have been even more pessimistic. There are few now who are prepared to set the deficit at seventy million dollars and many who believe Mr. J. L. Payne, formerly statistician of the railway department, is nearer the mark in an intensive analysis which he has made in which he puts the deficit at nearly \$120,000,000.

Huge Expenditures

He gives the actual capital expenditure, with interest compounded, on the inter-colonial from Confederation to the end of 1920, as over five hundred millions, and the fixed charges on that road as \$21,662,288 and on the trans-continental as \$12,500,000.

H. C. Winter has been appointed a commissioner to administer oaths and take and receive affidavits.

Some folks think they are putting one over on a corporation that insures them for \$1000.

MACLEOD MARKETS

Below are given grain and produce market prices in Macleod, the grain quotations are those current up to 3 o'clock on Thursday of each week, and produce markets are Thursday morning's quotations each week:

Grain (Quotations by courtesy of J. J. Burke, manager Alberta Pacific Elevator Co., Macleod.)

(Prices Paid to Producers.)

Wheat, No. 1 Northern	\$1.50
Wheat, No. 2 Northern	1.47
Oats	.27
Barley	.48
Rye	1.15
Wheat, track prices	1.88 1/2
Flax	1.38

Produce (Quotations by courtesy of J. Sander-son, manager P. Burns Meat Market, Macleod.)

Beef, live	\$.05—\$.07
Hogs, live, select	.12 1/2
Hogs, dressed	.17
Veal, dressed	.12—15
Mutton, dressed	.18
Turkeys	.30—35
Fowl, live	.20
Chickens, live	.25
Chickens, dressed	.30
Eggs	.32
Butter	.30

THE MACLEOD TIMES ADVERTISING DIRECTORY

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED LIST OF MACLEOD MERCHANTS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN WHO ARE REGULAR WEEKLY ADVERTISERS IN THE MACLEOD TIMES.

W. G. ANDREWS	Hardware and Tinsmithing
R. T. BARKER	General Merchant
A. W. BAWDEN	Bakery and Confectionery
R. F. BARNES	Barrister
F. CUTLER	Empress Theatre
D. R. CARSE	Plumbing, Gasfitting and Tinsmithing
JOHN F. CANNING	Creekside Farm
B. E. CHAPLIN	Macleod Vulcanizing Works
CHOW SAM	Silver Grill Cafe
JOHN T. DONEY	Jeweler, Optician
N. W. DILATUSH	Farm Implements
W. A. DAY	White Hall Grocery
JOHN L. FAWCETT	Barrister
A. D. FERGUSON	Druggist
W. T. FLEMING	Barber
R. J. E. GARDNER	Massy Harris Farm Implements
GREAT WEST SADDLERY	Harness, Trunks, Valises
A. F. GRADY	Real Estate, Insurance, Etc.
W. O. HOODLESS	Battery Service
JOSEPH HICKS	Barrister
K. A. Y. REALTY CO.	Real Estate, Insurance, Etc.
S. J. KIRK	Physician
J. A. LEMIRE	Builder and Contractor
McDONALD, MARTIN & MACKENZIE	Barriers
ALEX. McDONALD	Farm Implements
R. D. McNay	Druggist
J. T. MARKS	Gen's Furnishings
G. S. MILLS	Dentist
HUGH MACINTOSH	Representing United Grain Growers
J. D. MATHESON	Barrister
J. A. MacMILLAN	Tailor
J. W. MOREASH	Tailor
MACLEOD CO-OPERATIVE GARAGE	Auto Accessories and Cars
GEO. McFARQUHAR	Undertaker
J. R. MORRISON	Billiards and Pool
W. K. MACKIE	Shoe Repairer
H. PIRKIN & CO.	Buyers and Sellers Second Hand Goods
R. W. RUSSELL	Jeweller, Optician
REACH & CO.	General Merchants
J. P. RANKIN	Barber
GEO. H. SCOGALL	Real Estate, Insurance, Etc.
C. W. STEVENS	Builder and Contractor
TOWN OF MACLEOD	Public Utilities
TAM YICK	Palace Cafe
U. F. A. CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION	General Merchants
MISS A. M. WILSON	Milliner
T. W. WHITEFOOT	Photographer
H. C. WINTER & CO.	Real Estate, Insurance, Etc.
BILLY WILKINSON	Auto Livery
H. H. YOUNG	Farm Implements, Draying, Auto Livery

HIDDEN TREASURE

By DAVID WHITELAW

A NEW SERIAL OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Vivian Renton and Eddie Haverton, modern soldiers of fortune, have been gambling with Hubert Baxenter, a prosperous attorney, in his London apartments. After their departure late at night Renton returned to the house, murder Baxenter and hides the body on the roof. While waiting for night to come again in order to make his escape, he finds in a desk a curious old yellowed document.

(Continued from last Thursday)

There were but two. One was evidently the last will and testament of the man who now lay dead on the roof, the other—a parchment yellow with age and creased with much usage. It was folded lengthwise and was endorsed in an angular handwriting. Vivian Renton took this over to the light, which came thinly through the blinds.

At first, as he read, he showed no particular interest in the matter set forth in the cramped, faded caligraphy on the parchment. It was when he had reached the second folio of the document that a look of interest came into the keen eyes. After that he read to the end without raising them.

And, when he had finished, he dropped down in the easy chair and sat, the parchment sheets hanging down in his listless hands, his eyes fixed, unseeing, on space. From the street outside came the movement of the life of the afternoon, the rumble of vehicles, the shrill laughter of children. The only sound within the room was the eternal ticking of the clock.

"If I only dared—"

The man in the chair breathed the words.

"A fortune in it, perhaps— and a lost identity—at one stroke! If I only dared!"

He rose to his feet and took a blotting pad from its place on the desk, and, choosing the spot where the waving light was the strongest, placed it on his knee and commenced to write. Word for word he made a copy of what he had been reading—a very rough copy—partly in a shorthand of his own, for the light would not last

long now and he dared not risk a candle.

The scheme, if what was nebulously forming in his brain could be called that, necessitated, above all, that the original document should be returned with the will to the secret drawer in the bureau. It was necessary that, when the heir to the dead solicitor came to take possession, they should be found intact and should show no signs of having been tampered with.

It was all but dark when Vivian put away his fountain pen, and, folding what he had written, placed it in his breast pocket, together with the top sheet of the blotting pad. He experienced a little difficulty in replacing the drawer, but at last he told himself that all was as he had found it and that No. 9 Mortimer Terrace showed no signs of his stay. The bank notes were safely in his possession, and nothing remained for him but to take the first opportunity of leaving the house.

He noticed with a keen satisfaction that with the coming of night the fog had again settled down over the district, and although not so dense as before, still would serve as a curtain to cloak his departure. He buttoned his coat closely round his throat and felt his way out into the hall. He had his hand on the latch, when he started back and stood motionless with fear.

There came the creak of the gate and then footsteps on the gravel path. Vivian had, for the moment, lost all power of movement. Had the person coming up the path possessed a key, the game that Vivian was planning would have had but a short life. The steps came to a stand on the top of the flight of stone stairs that led from the door to the garden. To the man on the mat the time seemed an eternity; his nerves were in no fit condition for this.

There was a rattle at the door and, with a wave of relief flooding over him, Vivian could just discern a white envelope—a circular—being pushed through the letter box. He nearly shouted with laughter as he heard the postman's steps die away down the path.

It was a small matter in itself, but Vivian Renton returned to the room he had left and drank off the remainder of the whiskey. He told himself that he must pull himself together; it was not usual for him to be frightened at a shadow. But then Vivian

Renton had never killed a man before. An hour later the man closed the door of No. 9 Mortimer Terrace softly behind him and walked quietly out into the darkness.

CHAPTER III. The Parchment

For some time Vivian, having made sure that he had been unobserved, walked on, his brain teeming with the scheme which had suggested itself to him as he read the parchment. Carefully he weighed the pros and cons, oblivious to the direction in which his steps were taking him—so that they took him away from the house in Mortimer Terrace. It was only when the fog-chilled air ate its way into his very bones that he remembered that he had not had a decent meal for twenty-four hours.

Looking up, he saw that he was at the foot of Haverstock Hill. He hailed a cab that was descending the slope from Chalk Farm Station and was driven to the boarding house in St. John's Wood where he had been living for the last few weeks. His landlady, he told himself, would not think it strange that he had not returned the night before; her patrons for the most part men recruited from the ranks of the Bohemia in which hours appear to have no meaning and whose poignancy and comings were only regular in their irregularity.

There was little likelihood of his crime being known for some considerable time, but Vivian was far too well versed in the ways of criminals to take any chances. He allowed himself time only to make a necessary change in his toilet, bundle his few belongings into a kit-bag, pay his bill and shake the mud of the metropolis from his feet.

The fog still hung thickly over London as he made his way to Charing Cross and took his seat in a corner of a first-class smoker in the boat-train. This inclemency of the weather, together with the fact that a Dover mail boat had been forced to put back into port the night before, after being in collision with a barque, was no doubt responsible for him having the carriage to himself. He took a paper from his pocket when the train was well under way, and commenced to read what he had copied from the parchment that was now lying hidden in the bureau drawer in Mortimer Terrace.

"Statement of Adam Baxenter, Solicitor of the Strand, London, pertaining to the trust of the Marquis de Dargigny of the Chateau Chauville—made this 15th day of August in the year of our Lord, 1812.

"I, Adam Baxenter, having by God's grace now reached the advanced age of eighty-two years, and feeling that my bodily strength is waning, think it but right that I should place on record the strange circumstances which relate to the small chest which reposes in the corner of the strong room of my Strand offices.

"For, in future ages, should no one lay claim to this, a son of my house might be tempted to look into, and which God forbid—even dispose of its contents. I have given my word to the nobleman who entrusted the chest to me that I will hold it intact and, moreover, make provision that it remain so, even after my death; that the seals shall not be broken until claimed by one who shall prove his right.

"For myself, I fear greatly that the seals will never be broken until the Great Seal of the Revelations themselves are rent asunder, and all secrets are made plain.

"It is now nearly twenty years since the Marquis de Dargigny came to my office. I can call to mind clearly the occasion. It was a misty afternoon in October, and he had fair to develop into a foggy night. In fact, link-boys were beginning to ply their calling; I could see the light of their torches from my window.

"I was about to depart for my home when a hackney coach rumbled up to my door. I answered the summons myself (my clerks having already departed), and saw on the step a tall, aristocratic figure, which a moment later I learned was the Marquis de Dargigny. I drew aside to allow him to enter, and I saw that he was followed in by the driver of the coach, who carried a small oak chest, about a foot square and clamped at the corners with iron.

"My visitor, having ascertained that I was at liberty to receive him, paid the driver, who mounted his box and drove off into the fog.

"I am, of course, unable here to set down the exact words which passed between the Marquis and myself. I can only tell the story in a general way, and it was a story which held me spell-bound. I can see now the figure of my visitor leaning forward in his chair, his face pale, lined with sorrow and yet possessing an unbending dignity beneath his misfortunes. He was dressed simply but elegantly, and he spoke English with difficulty. It was this, no doubt, that made his story long in the telling, and candles had been lit before he left my office.

"Marie Brissac de Dargigny, sieur of Chauville-sur-Blais, was, as I suspected on first seeing him, an emigre from the furies of the Revolution. The storm had left him untouched, and he had remained quietly in his chateau, hoping for the reaction that was so long in coming. With the execution of Louis, the old aristocrat's hopes died, and rather than leave his country he decided to await what he now saw was inevitable and to die, if need be, in the home of his ancestors.

"It was only when his son—an officer in the Petit Peres, who, after taking part in the defence of the Tuilleries was proscribed—sent, under the care of her English nurse, his little daughter, a maid of about four, to her grandfather, that the nobleman began to reconsider his decision. Still, he delayed the evil day of departure. Gaspard de Dargigny, the son, had put himself at the head of a band of desperate young men, mostly, like himself, officers in hiding who became in their turn the terror of the Terrorists. Deputies on their way home from the sittings of the Convention, officers of

the Public Safety, all came under the notice of this band of revenge. They were less merciful in their methods than the Tribunal itself. They neither gave nor expected quarter.

"He had, at last, insisted on his father taking the little girl into safety, and had himself furnished them with forged passports, and detailed one of his band to escort them to the coast. They were fortunate in evading the revolutionaries and reached Fecamp, where a boat was in readiness to take them over the Channel. They avoided the main ports, and were landed under cover of night at the little hamlet of Rottingdean, a few miles east of Brighton. Here they had taken a cottage and had no far been unmolested.

"Gradually my visitor led up to the matter that had brought him to my office, having been recommended to me by a friend of his in Paris whom, however, he omitted to name. He wished to leave in my care the small chest he had brought with him. The gallant old gentleman, having heard that his son had at last been laid by the heels, had decided to return to France. The chest, which contained many valuables and the key to the hiding-place of the rest of his wealth, he did not think wise to leave in the care of a woman and a child. Personally, he had no fear for his own safety; he had known Robespierre when the Tiger of the Revolution was a lawyer in Arras, and had on more than one occasion befriended him. He thought that he had but to intercede with the strongest and most powerful man in France to bring away his son into safety. Little did he know of the change the Revolution had made in Maximilian Robespierre!

"I put the chest in my strong-room. It was to lie there until he claimed it, or failing him, he would leave word as to its whereabouts, and he instructed that the chest should be given up, and the trust to come to an end, only when anyone giving the motto of the family as a password should appear and lay claim to it.

"The last I saw of the poor Marquis de Dargigny was that evening when we parted at Charing Cross, I to go to my home in Regent Park, he to return by the coach to Lewes. I can see him now as he bowed with an old-fashioned courtesy and strode off into the night, taking upon his bent shoulders the hardships of a journey and the dangers of Paris, in the hopes, which I now know were vain, of saving his son.

"I had the story a year later from a client of mine, who had been in Paris during the years 1793 and 1794. Finding himself caught in the whirl of the great upheaval, my friend stayed in the city, accumulating details with the view of writing a history when he should return to England. His credentials enabled him to see a great deal of the inner workings of the Tribunal, and he spent many days in the Maison de Justice and at the sittings of the Convention.

"It was from him that I learned news of the Marquis and his gallant son—and a pathetic story it made. He was present when Gaspard de Dargigny and his lieutenant, de Perancourt—an officer who had served with Dumouriez—appeared before the infamous Fouquier-Tinville. The trial was a farce, and the two soldiers who had been responsible for the sudden death of so many of Tinville's friends, were as cool as condemned as soon as they ascended the gradines. Gaspard made an heroic figure, my friend told me; he had been wounded in his capture, and his head was ringed with bandages. He laughed at his judges and listened to the farcical formula of the law with a sneer on his lips.

"As sentence was pronounced, a commotion had taken place among the horde of ferocious Parisians behind the barriers. An old man forced his way to the railing and called on the judges for mercy for his son. They say that for a moment the look of a great love shone on the face of the condemned man, then seeing his father's danger, and seeking to save him, he turned on him with an oath, demanding of the judge who this drunken citizen was who dared to claim kinship with the de Dargignys, asking why he was not at home with his children—a remark which must have conveyed the intended message—for, before action could be taken, the

mob, some of whom were kindly at heart, closed round the old man and he made his escape. Gaspard, they say, cursed him from the gradines, and mounted the guillotine an hour later with a smile at the success of his ruse, had no equal in that period of heroes.

"On hearing this, I made up my mind to journey to Rottingdean to search out, if possible, the remaining member of the de Dargignys, the little man who had accompanied my grandfather into exile. I had no difficulty in hearing of them; the host of the White Horse Inn told me the tale. The English nurse, it seems, died suddenly a week or two before Christmas, and the little girl, left friendless, had been adopted by the wife of the medical man who had been summoned, too late, to attend to the nurse. All my efforts to trace the doctor have been unavailing; it appears that he had been merely staying at Brighton for his health, and had been driving through the village at the time of the nurse's seizure. He had been seen about the neighborhood for a week or two afterward, then disappeared, taking the child with him.

"The man also told me that, shortly after the new year, the old man who had brought the child to England, appeared again in the village making inquiries, was distraught with misery and suffering, and, on hearing of the disappearance of his grandchild, his brain seemed to give way. He would speak to no one, but for weeks haunted the cliffs, pacing to and fro, muttering to himself and shaking his fist out over the waters of the Channel. Then, in the gray light of a February morning, two fishermen came upon his body washed up on to the little stony beach.

"I can only surmise that he had lost his reason under the weight of his sufferings, else he would have communicated with me. God rest his noble old soul!

"And now, for the past twenty years the chest has remained in my strong room unclaimed. Somewhere in the world is that little maid. She will be a woman by this, perhaps married, and sometimes I think that some day, when I and my son—yes, and my son's son—will be dead, the mystery may come to the light.

"Until that day I enjoin my heirs to respect the trust. The given word of Adam Baxenter is given till the end of time.

"(Signed) ADAM BAXENTER."

On the parchment beneath the old solicitor's signature were four endorsements, each with a note to the effect that the chest was still unclaimed. Arthur Baxenter had signed in 1815, Archibald Baxenter in 1845, Edward Baxenter in 1883 and Hubert Barr Baxenter in 1905.

The latter was evidently the signature of the man who now lay dead upon the roof of the house in Mortimer Terrace.

CHAPTER IV.
Writing the Will

It will be necessary to relate for a few moments some of the exciting events that happened at the time of the Revolution, those strangely troubled days when the fair land of France was so deeply soaked with the blood of its own patriotic citizens. In this way the most important details of the oddly mysterious bequest entrusted to Adam Baxenter by the white-haired old aristocrat, Marquis de Dargigny, can be more fully understood.

So, while Vivian is leaning back on the cushions of his carriage wondering who is to be the next to enter into the possession of the murdered man's Regent Park house and the offices in the Strand, let us listen to the song of the Revolution, shouted at the top of a tuneless and wine-laden voice, which sounded raucously from behind the red-curtained bay window of the "Star of Navarre," in the city of Blois. Floating out into the still courtyard, it polluted the calm of the Spring evening and caused a traveller who had but that moment climbed, stiff-legged down from the saddle, to bite his under lip in irritation and to lead his mount into the shadows of a farm wagon which stood by the gateway leading to the stables.

There was no hostler at hand to attend to the animal; but Remy Perancourt had ridden far and the horse needed no restraining hand on his bridle, but stood there with steaming neck outstretched to nibble at a few poor ears of corn which showed at the tail-board of the cart.

Remy advanced cautiously to the vine framed window. The song had now ceased and had given place to oath-interrupted laughter. The man in the courtyard, his body well screened against any sudden surprise from the room he was watching, availed himself of a small aperture in the blind—for it was the Spring of 1793, a time when man looked with suspicion on man, and when it were well to move warily and act with an infinite caution.

It was but a small portion of the apartment of the "Star of Navarre" that was visible, but it showed enough for Remy to draw back with a muttered curse. Seated at the head of the black oak table was a man, bearded and very dirty. On the board before him, papers and documents were mixed with the remains of a meal and with empty wine flasks.

More noteworthy still was the curious assortment of weapons spread over the person of the sinister-looking individual himself. From the pocket of the great coat which was hung over the back of his chair a small blunderbuss showed its stock; in a belt at his waist two other firearms were ready to hand, whilst a poldnarg and a stiletto, in their nakedness, kept the other weapons company.

Remy did not need to raise his eyes from this arsenal to the evil face to know that he was looking at the infamous Herat, the devilish factotum of the Committee of General Safety, the friend and confidant of Robespierre, the wretch to whom nothing

was sacred and who spared neither friends nor family so that his fatal lists be filled and Madame Guillotine be not kept waiting.

Often had he seen the armoured figure of the "ferret of the Marais quarter," and he knew well the man's cowardice, how in addition to his superfluity of weapons he never moved without a bodyguard of armed ruffians, eager and ready to do the bidding of their hideous master.

Remy could not, from his peep-hole in the blind, see how many the man had with him now, but he judged from the sound and from the shadows that flashed at intervals across the wall and the blind, that they numbered at least half a dozen, and he felt back to where his tired horse, with drooping neck, nearly slept in the shadow of the cart.

Remy stroked the moist mane, and, holding the nostrils to prevent a possible neigh, led the poor spent beast across the cobbles and through the stone archway to the street. He gave a glance behind him to see that all was quiet, then mounted and, taking the way that led southward, left the city by the Barrier d'Artois.

The plains of Touraine stretched out gray to the horizon in a level monotony, and the little marshy lakes reflected the glory of the setting sun. Behind the horseman the towers and minarets of the city showed a delicate tracery against the evening sky and from some belfry a peal of bells sounded. Once free of the city, Remy had allowed the bridle to slip unheeded upon the mane and was letting his horse make his own pace, whilst the rider gave himself up to speculation on why it was that Herat, the friend of the Terror and daily companion of Fouquier-Tinville, should be so far from Paris.

He knew that the Convention was in the habit of sending out pro-consuls to spy upon the doings of the provincial tribunals, but he did not remember having heard that Blois had a tribunal. He told himself that it must be the biggest of game that could draw Herat away from the happy hunting ground of the capital, and he cursed him roundly for his presence at the "Star of Navarre."

For the last two hours Remy had been promising himself the comfort of wine and supper, a comfort not easily understood save by those who have spent twenty hours in the saddle, and his horse had doubtless, in his own way, had very similar thoughts. And now, to be forced into the remaining two miles of his journey—which he had intended to resume, refreshed, in the morning—was not pleasant. Besides, the little hamlet of Massey, which was his destination, boasted but a poor rest for travellers—and they would not be expecting him at the Chateau de Chauville until the morrow. On second thought, however, Remy told himself that Herat's presence in Blois complicated matters, an this errand, which hitherto had seemed to call for no undue haste, now took on a new and more sinister significance.

So deep in thought was he that the distance seemed covered in less time than he had imagined possible, and, raising his eyes he was surprised to see the little cluster of red roofs nestling among the foliage of the chestnut trees, and which, with the church, composed the village of Massey.

The house lying back from the road and showing the sign of the "Three Lillies" was a poor enough substitute for the "Star of Navarre," but, to the saddle-weary man, it at least promised—

(Continued on Page Three)

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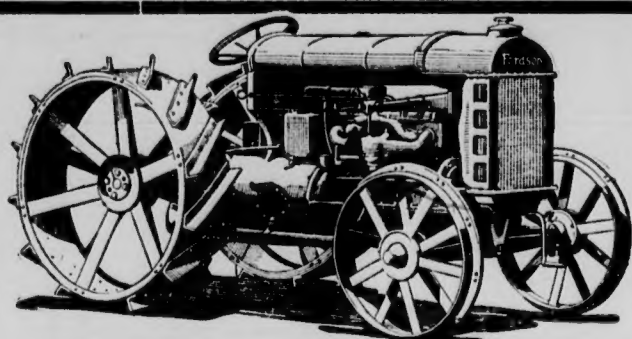
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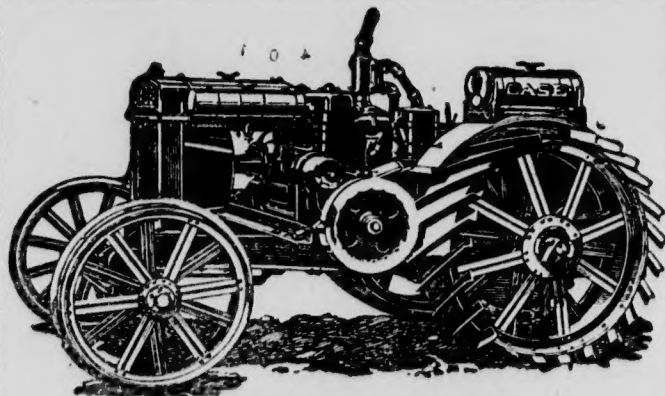
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R. T. BARKER

HIDDEN TREASURE

(Continued from Page Two)

ed rest and refreshment. As he pulled up before the low doorway some peasants, who were taking their thin wine on a bench outside, looked up surlily.

Remy Perancourt smiled grimly as he dismounted. Time was when these men would have sprung up, but in hand, to do him service; now—well, it was the turn of the people and why should they leave their wine to hold the bridle of a stranger who, like enough, was an aristocrat and an enemy of the glorious Revolution that was to do so much for them and theirs?

There was little of the aristocrat showing in Perancourt, as, travel-stained and dirty, he tied his horse to a ring let into the post of the door and made his way inside the house. Jacques, the landlord—whose great difficulty in these times was to restrain from addressing his guests as "monsieur" and from bowing low before them—met him in the passage.

"Er—Citizen Perancourt, is it not? You are from Paris?"

"Yes, Jacques—I beg pardon, Citizen Jacques. To-day France groans under the citizen's curse. Oh, I don't mind!" as the innkeeper, putting his fingers to his lips, nodded in the direction of the drinking peasants, "nothing seems to matter now. Our heads are sure to drop, however we act. Since the citizen patriots arrested the citizen king and as many of his citizen family as they could lay their citizen hands on, we citizen soldiers of August the 10th have been in hiding. Faugh! 'Citizens'—I can smell them here. Give me some of your best, landlord, to take away the taste."

The traveller paused to drink the wine which his host poured out, then he added in a lower tone:

"The Marquis de Dartigny—is he at the chateau?"

"He was yesterday. You are going there, citizen?—you have news of his son? He was one of those who defended the Tuilleries, was he not?" Then, as Remy nodded over his glass: "News takes long to reach here. What think you they will do with the queen with Citoyenne Capet?"

For answer Remy took up a knife from the table, and, pointing it horizontally, let it fall edgewise on the board. He rose with a little laugh.

"As for the young seigneur, as one of the officers of the Petit Peres he is 'suspect.' It does not do for any of the defenders of the Tuilleries to show face in Paris. You and I, landlord—we who are such staunch supporters of the Revolution—have nothing to fear." Remy solemnly winked at Jacques as he spoke and finished his wine. "I can leave my horse here, I suppose—I will likely sleep at the chateau."

Remy Perancourt stepped off along the uneven road, turning off into a narrow track, which, threading a little wood, led to the bridge which spanned the moat of the Chateau de Chauville, the conical roofs of whose towers he had seen above a clump of poplars from the door of the inn. The mansion stood mysterious in the pale light of the newly risen moon, its white towers, ivy covered and discolored with age, showing faithfully in the placid depths of the moat, where lily leaves made green patches on the surface and two swans seemed to hang motionless upon the water.

The man crossed the bridge and looked in at the little lodge flanked with its towers, tiny counterparts of those of the building itself. A sleepy servant took his message and a few moments later Remy was ushered into the great dining hall of the castle.

Dinner was over, but wine and a dish of fruit still remained upon the polished oak of the long table. A small fire had been lighted on the massive hearth and shone upon the features of an elderly man who rose from an arm-chair as his visitor entered.

"Ah! Remy, I am glad to see you; but Gaspard's letter said tomorrow—I am afraid you will not find us ready." He smiled a little as he spoke. "You see, in these times we do not entertain much."

He turned and pulled a silken bell-rope, and, to the servant who answered

ed his summons, made arrangements for the guest-chamber to be prepared and for a meal to be served at once. He motioned Remy into a chair facing him.

"Yes, Remy, I'm glad to see you—glad, and perhaps a little frightened. One never knows what to expect in these days. You have left Gaspard well?"

"Quite, Monsieur le Marquis—and safe. Oh! he is a man to be proud of, he—and the work he is doing back there in Paris. He is in the thick of the fight, running with the hare and with the hounds, and ever helping the hares. Many a condemned prisoner has found himself at liberty through Gaspard's good offices, and Sanson has been cheated of many heads. He fights the tribunal with its own weapons, and some of its most influential members have gone to the guillotine on evidence gleaned or manufactured by Citizen Gabriel, as your son calls himself when with the 'hounds.' Then he is a friend of Couthon and visits Bezon, who engraves the forged passports. You can understand, sir, how it is impossible for him to come to you. Luckily, his name was published among those officers of the Petit Peres who fell on the 10th of August—in that lies his safety—so far as it is believed."

The entrance of the servant prevented further speech, and, even when the meal was cleared away, the old man sat silent. Whilst his visitor had been eating the nobleman had taken from his pocket the letter he had received from his son the day before. He had read it through, and now he sat, the paper hanging limply from his fingers, gazing into the flames.

Remy leant back in his chair and watched the firelight play shadow tricks upon the shapely features of his host. The heavy wooden shutters had been barred across the windows, and a candelabra of three branches shed an oasis of light over the fruit and decanters. The remote corners of the splendid room were in deep shadow, in which loomed the indistinct shapes of furniture and the dull gleam of mirrors. Portraits of dead and gone owners of the chateau looked down from the panelled walls as though wondering what had become of the gay revellers of their own time, and why it was that the hall of the Dartignys was so desolate. The firelight flickered upon the tarnished frames, and here and there was the cold sheen of armor.

The Marquis looked up suddenly.

"You must forgive me, Monsieur Perancourt, I was thinking," he tapped the letter with a white and tapering forefinger, "and I was wondering, too, at this. Did Gaspard tell you what he wants me to do?"

Remy Perancourt nodded. "I understand that I am to see that you and your granddaughter reach Fecamp in safety. We of Gaspard's band obey his orders implicitly. I have arranged—"

The old aristocrat held up a protesting hand.

"Over fast, my young sir, you go over fast. I am under no oath of obedience to my own son. Understand me, I will not leave the Chateau de Chauville."

"But, Monsieur le Marquis, you do not appreciate the—"

"I appreciate enough to know that I will not be driven from my home by a pack of wolves. Besides, my people round here love me; I have no fear of them. They will not forget the corn I have distributed among them in their lean years, the rents I have refused to accept from them. I in danger from my peasants? It is absurd!"

Perancourt sat looking into the fire for a few moments, then he rose and faced the Marquis de Dartigny, into whose pale cheeks a tinge of color had come.

"It is hateful to me," Remy said at last, "to dispel illusions, but my duty is clear. You, who have lived your life in these peaceful solitudes can have only a very slight idea of what is taking place back there in Paris. It is not your peasants you have to fear. When I tell you that at this moment one of the bloodiest of the Terrorists is sitting drink at the 'Star of Navarre' in Blois, perhaps you will allow that Gaspard and myself are acting rightly."

Remy paused. Perhaps he expected an answer; but the marquis sat silent, his eyes fixed on the speaker's face.

"Perhaps, Monsieur le Marquis the name of Herat conveys nothing to you; to us who know him it spells all that is hellish in human, or, rather, inhuman, nature. This man is the friend of Fouquier-Tinville; it is he who prepares the fatal lists for the daily sittings in the Maison de Justice. Your son knows the names which appear—"

"You mean that my name—"

"I mean that your enemies are active, and that they are at your very door. Do you imagine that your gifts of corn have been acceptable to all? What of the monopolists in the city of Blois, those devils who hope to make fortunes out of the famine and sufferings of the people? Believe me, the crops will be watered with blood before the people eat their fill. This is the time when the young must teach the old, when youth must—"

The door of the dining-hall flew open, there was a patter of tiny bare feet, and a small person of some four summers precipitated herself, between tears and laughter, into the arms of the old nobleman. From her grand-parental sanctuary she glanced defiantly at her nurse, a sober-faced daughter of Albion, who stood, hesitating, at the door.

"She is naughty, Monsieur le Marquis; she will not sleep. It is Pierre at the lodge—he tells her stories of Paris and—"

night-clad figure in his arms and signed to the nurse.

"Leave the little maid with me, Susan; she is frightened at what the wicked Pierre tells her." He patted the little round shoulder. "He is a wicked one, that Pierre, Sylvia, and tomorrow I will give him to the giant who takes away the naughty people who tell stories—"

With such childish comfortings he soothed the motherless child until the small figure relaxed and the little blue-veined feet drooped like faded lilies, still and slender in the firelight. The Marquis bent his head and pressed his lips to the shining curls and looked up over them at the man in the chair opposite him.

"I have changed my mind, Remy. You are right when you say the young must teach the old. I fear I had forgotten the maid. In a little while I will enjoy you. Henceforth I am in your hands—and in Gaspard's."

And treading softly, the old nobleman crossed the room, bearing the little sleeping form in his arms.

It was past midnight when Remy Perancourt was shown to his room, a small bedchamber in the eastern tower, which overlooked a plantation of forest land showing black against the moon-bathed country side.

The young man stood for a few moments leaning against the framework of the window, drinking in the perfumed air of the night. The troubled land of France lay sleeping; there was no sound save the harsh croaking of some frogs in the marshy pools and a dog barking somewhere in the village. It was all so peaceful, and Remy's face grew set and hard as he thought of what was going on back there in Paris—nay, even at the very doors of the chateau—how man was showing man's inhumanity to man in the sacred names of Liberty and Fraternity.

With a sigh he pulled to the wooden shutters and prepared for sleep. By nightfall next day they must be on their road, and there was much remaining to be done and Remy's sleeping hours must be short.

From a pocket cunningly concealed in the lining of his coat he drew out the passports. They were excellent examples of the handiwork of Bezon, the man whose skill in engraving was finding him a ready and lucrative market for his wares. Perhaps no one in those early days of the Tribunal saved more lives than this little craftsman, who, high up in his apartment in the Faubourg, toiled night and day at his work, forging his links in the chain that led so many to safety. For all "The Incurable" had never seen the papers, the "Robespierres" at their foot lacked nothing of that patriot's calligraphy. Remy held them to the light of his candle and chuckled to himself at the perfection of Bezon's skill.

True, these papers did not take from his shoulders the load of responsibility for his charges. He called to mind the refined features of the Marquis de Dartigny and the flower-like beauty of little Sylvia. It might go hard with them did they fall into the hands of some of the smaller provincial tribunals, who might think it necessary to make inquiries from the Convention itself. Well did Remy know the blood-lust that was upon the

Market Reports Six Days a Week

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"patriots," and that where a prospective victim was scented they took but few chances.

But Remy Perancourt had that at his command which was of far superior worth to mere paper. Was it not his ready wit that had rescued the aged Sieur de Cortois at the very foot of the scaffold? He it was, also, who had escorted the beautiful Duchess de Berait from Paris to St. Milo, both disguised as strolling players, and had even played the fiddle to her singing of a Republican song in the courtyard of an inn where the infamous

Le Bon himself was staying; more, he had collected a few coins from the pro-consul, money which had stood them in good stead. Away over in England, in Jersey, in Hamburg, and over the Belgian frontier, were many thankful husbands and sisters who whispered in their prayers the names of Remy Perancourt and Gaspard de Dartigny.

As the young man lay in the big four-post bedstead, with its tall, twisted columns and its curtains of rich brocade, he thought of these things

(Continued on Page Six)

SEED POTATOES

We have a car of all white, No. one Seed Potatoes at Raymond, Alberta, to be shipped toward the end of March. If these are needed in the Macleod District we shall bring them here, otherwise they go up the Crow.

Let us have your estimated requirements before March 19th, and we shall route the car to Macleod, if the orders warrant it.

These potatoes cook as dry and mealy as the finest British Columbia grown, and they will also be extra fine seed. The price, in quantities taken from the car, will be

\$2.00 per cwt.

LET US HAVE YOUR ORDERS

A SPECIAL IN TEA

A nice looking Broken Orange Pekoe Tea at 50c per pound. A good opportunity to get a quantity.

ORANGE MARMALADE
Harvest Brand, 4-lb. pail, 50 cents



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THE WHITEHALL GROCERY

It's Worthy

The Bread With a Purpose

Yes our pure food bread has a worthy purpose. It brings health and strength and a meal-time satisfaction to the folks who partake of it regularly. One slice calls for a loaf, one loaf forms the habit.

Bawden's Bakery
Phone 132

THE MACLEOD TIMES

AND MACLEOD WEEKLY NEWS
(Independent in Politics)

A weekly newspaper printed and published at Macleod, Alberta, every Thursday

C. J. DILLINGHAM Publisher
S. DILLINGHAM, Mgr. and Editor.

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Foreign \$2.50

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All classified advertising and readers must be paid in advance.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24th, 1921

AN APPRECIATION

"To be first in a small Iberian village is better than to be second at Rome"—To be first in Macleod and Edmonton is better than either or both. The Alberta Legislature in pledging itself to the guarantee of irrigation bonds has made for itself an assured niche in the gallery of the south country's gods and may rest assured of the south country's gratitude, a wide area of which their action will have, in due course, transformed from a provincial liability to a provincial asset.

CHRIST IS RISEN

Easter Tide—the time of remembrance for the risen son of God. Faith, the essence of things hoped for—Faith—the belief in the immutable records of Christianity—gloom of the half-hearted dispelled by the actuality of the risen Son of God—these are the thoughts suggested by the recurring Easter Season. Time of the re-birth of earth's functions. The casting off of winter's chafing bonds even as the Son cast off the ceremonies of the grave and stood forth triumphant, the master of death and the justification of belief of the faithful. Easter—the season of lilies typifying purity, self immolation and the shining brightness of self-sacrifice for humanity's betterment—Easter—our Lord is risen—our faith is justified—Blessed be the risen Son.

Doctors performed an operation on a Wisconsin girl who couldn't remember things and removed a rubber eraser from her head. No wonder she could not remember anything, with an eraser to keep rubbing it out.



1921 MARCH 1921

Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Is YOUR Subscription to The Times Paid?

Consult your address label on this paper—compare with calendar and if in arrears kindly remit. Addresses written in pencil generally infer paid up subscribers not yet changed on printed mailing list. Immediately following this reminder to delinquent subscribers will be found each week a list of those paying subscriptions during the current week.

SUBSCRIBERS PAYING FOR THE TIMES DURING THE WEEK

Following are the names of those paying subscriptions to The Times during the past week:
B. McNeil, Standoff; G. L. Grandison Sr., Macleod; J. H. McFarland, Winnipeg; T. A. Fry, Macleod; R. O. Canning, Ellesmere, Francis Road, Windsor, England; Mrs. S. A. Erbach, Kopriva, Dinerth Road, Colwyn Bay, U.K.; J. R. McLean, Macleod; J. Girardin, Macleod; D. R. Carse, Macleod; G. H. Maunsell, Macleod; R. G. Charlton, Macleod.

"THE LAW AND THE PROFITS"

"Come Now, Let Us Reason Together—Come Now and Your Purpose Declare"

The Macleod Times has lately installed a feature service which in addition to former good service adds \$44.00 per month additional expense: a serial story—home reading and children's weekly story places. The Times in the foremost ranks of Canadian weeklies—an interesting weekly publication in a town of like size in the Dominion. To maintain this standard, monetary outlay must be offset by monetary income. While the subscription price does not cover the expense of news service and print paper—yet it is, if realized on, a tangible help—therefore: The Times' management realizes the continuance of a high standard of service to subscribers depends to a great extent on The Times' subscription list being a paid up list—therefore, logically towards the end that this newspaper continue to serve its patrons at the present standard of excellence, sample copy and arrears readers must become paid-up subscribers and in following the argument to a conclusion the management feels justification in cutting off all sample copies and arrears subscribers to become paid-up subscribers that the efforts of The Times and its patrons in behalf of the interests of the town and district may go forward on a fifty-fifty basis by which neither will feel the qualms of evaded responsibility.

Commencing with the issue of The Macleod Times of March 31st, 1921, all sample copies will be struck from our lists—Those of these wishing to become paid subscribers may do so by payment of regular subscription rate of \$2.00 per year and in case of missing copies of The Times of March 31 and April 7, may obtain same by application to the management in writing or person.

Book store and street price of The Times 10c per copy dating from and inclusive of issue of March 31-21.

A woman who can simulate indifference over her score at a card party could entertain three beaus at once and keep them all from getting jealous.

The man who takes her out in an automobile may make the hit—but the one who takes her out with a horse and buggy gets the loving.

Women are making a mistake in the new fangled kinds of clothes they wear. They leave little to arouse man's curiosity.

It sometimes takes away the pleasure of rising to the top to think that some one must be displaced to give you room.

We sometimes wonder if men don't get into breach of promise suits once in a while through neglecting to say "no."

It seems funny that folks who think this world is a terrible place to live in have a decided antipathy towards leaving it.

Satan never gets a chance for a confidential conversation with the busy man.

The man who has a job by the hour has some athletic club to go to in the evening for exercise.

A young girl in love acts like one possessed—or like one who wants to be possessed.

The man who refuses to trust anyone else has made everybody suspicious of him.

The more deserving a man is of adverse criticism the easier he is insulted.

The fool often thinks himself a wise man and the wise man often thinks himself a fool—and often he is.

The telephone is an awful tale-bearer. It can't keep anything to itself.

The bachelor who enjoys being free often wishes that he didn't enjoy it quite so much.



OXO Cubes are a wonderful invention they contain just those elements which nature needs to make good the wear and tear of daily life. A cup of OXO, with a biscuit or two, sustains for hours.

Pure Beef Cubes

EASTER

"Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring, All good gifts return with her returning King."

Only a few short months ago the people of the Christian World were rejoicing over the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ, and this week a greater rejoicing will be celebrated by the same people over the anniversary of His overcoming death and rising victorious over the tomb.

What is Easter—the word is taken from the old Saxon word "Eastre," a goddess of light, in honor of whom a festival was held during the month of April, hence the month being known as Eastermonth. It so happened that Christ's Resurrection took place during this month, hence the Christian has always observed Easter as the time for great rejoicing in commemoration of our Saviour's Resurrection.

What a wonderful resurrection it was—After dying upon the cross, sacrificing his all for mankind, He overcomes death and all its horrors by rising from the grave and coming once more among his people with that beautiful and everlasting salutation, "Peace be unto you."

What a wonderful example the world received, showing so clearly that in spite of sin and wickedness

even unto death itself there is hope for us to rise again, if we only cast off the cloak of sin and don the glorious raiment of righteousness.

As before stated, Easter is a time of rejoicing and happiness and the people of Macleod and district will rejoice and be glad, even in spite of the past hard years, and look and hope and pray that 1921 will bring forth abundant crops and more prosperous days.

There is an old adage that says: "At Easter-time wear something new or unluckily you'll be the whole year through"—and it's quite evident the storekeepers of Macleod must each and everyone have memorized those lines, for never in the history of Macleod have the stores been more bright and cheerful or with an Easter-time appearance than they are this year. In the millinery stores one notices a lovely display of ladies' hats, that cannot but please the most fastidious female; in the gent's furnishing emporiums, there again we have Easter ties, hats, suits and everything that's new appertaining to the outfitting of the male element. In the grocery and supply stores you gaze upon wonderful Easter eggs, beautiful, soft, fluffy, wee chicks, to please and gladden the hearts of the little folks. Also we cannot but mention the superb floral display on our local florists' windows, lovely Easter lilies blooming in all their glory, daffodils, palms and many other beautiful Easter plants, that are Nature's reminder of this glorious Easter-time.

In spite of the somewhat clouded past for the town of Macleod, the silver lining behind the clouds is beginning to break through—The long looked for irrigation schemes have materialized in this vicinity, thriving industries have commenced here. Macleod, although slowly, is surely coming into its own, therefore rejoice and let this Easter not only commemorate the great Christian Festival but also the awakening, the resurrection of Macleod and district, a district of prosperity which is advancing with leaps and bounds and will forge ahead until the name of Macleod will be quoted as one of the noted prosperous cities of the west.

The time to make new resolutions is before the old ones have run out.

The HOME CIRCLE

When I have ceased to break my wings
Against the faultiness of things,
And learned that compromises wait
Behind each hardly opened gate,
When I can look life in the eyes,
Grown calm and very coldly wise,
Life will have given me the truth,
And taken in exchange—my youth.
—Sara Teasdale

Thoughtfulness of others is a rare quality and one which few of us try to cultivate. We are all very careful to be thoughtful of ourselves, but when it comes to the other fellow it is a different proposition.

If you will find some thoughtful person and watch the situation you will find that nine cases out of ten of his regard for other people cause him not the slightest inconvenience. It is in the small things that thoughtfulness is best shown—a letter to save someone from worry—a phone call if you must be late for an appointment—a quick turn of the conversation to save someone embarrassment—small things but sometimes they prevent a world of worry and trouble.

Intolerance is a fault easy to understand because we all have it to rather a marked degree—easy to understand but difficult to overcome. It sometimes seems strange that we meet so much intolerance when circumstances are constantly bringing conditions to our door that we would not tolerate in others last month or last year. But we always make ourselves believe that there is some excuse for us, that conditions are different with us than with anyone else. It is true that conditions may excuse us, but we should also remember it is quite probable we do not know the conditions in the other case either and they may make things quite as excusable. Sooner or later most of us will have to tolerate very much the same things in ourselves that we will not tolerate in others.

Self-esteem is a good thing but you

don't want too much of it; enough of anything is enough, and no matter how good a thing is, too much is more than you need, and self-esteem is no exception to the rule.

It is well enough for a man to hold his head up and step around with an air of considerable importance, if he is really doing any good in the world by living in it. Of course a man wants to possess self-confidence, and wants to think he is just as good as anybody, but he doesn't want to think that the welfare of mankind hinges on his actions, or that the earth rests on his shoulders.

It makes a lot of men feel better to blame their troubles on the way they were born. But they know they are wrong. A man can't fool himself.

We don't blame a woman wearing one of those 10-acre hats for hiding her face.

There is only one fair and equitable tax law. That is one under which the other fellow pays all the taxes.

The "commissary" form of government—with the "full dinner pail" slogan—would, no doubt, prove popular.

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"THE LOST CITY"

Episode 14:

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Candidates for congress who had their speeches memorized last fall can't remember a word now of what they promised then.

An easy mark for a woman is a merchant who marks his goods down from 50 cents to 49 cents.

Smile on your enemies—but make certain that it's not the kind that will mistake for a sneer.

The undertaker is about the only business man who gives complete satisfaction to users of his goods.

It is not how much you save so much as how you spend it.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By G. McManus



"Daddy's two Helpers"



Home, Health and Beauty

THE CARE OF YOUR TEETH

(By Lina Cavalieri, The Most Famous Living Beauty.)

For the care and preservation of the teeth four things are essential. They are: Proper diet, proper toothbrush, good tooth powder or paste and the right kind of mouth baths.

But beyond any doubt the first and most important safeguard is to have a reliable, skillful dentist—if you can make sure of finding one. One may go on for years after being tricked into a false confidence in a poor dentist before one finds out her sad mis-

take. You should go to a dentist once a month to have your teeth examined. No one should let more than three months at most pass without a visit to the dentist for an inspection of the teeth.

There often come on the teeth, particularly between them, where food is permitted to lodge, small dark stains, which really are the first warnings or premonitory signs of decay. If allowed to remain, the enamel eventually disintegrates, and we have a cavity, which must then be excavated and filled.

But before this discoloration has advanced to an actual breaking down of the tooth structure, it may very properly and successfully be removed or polished away by the dentist's little engine and the sandpaper disc used for this purpose and for smoothing

gold fillings.

The honest dentist will do this and restore the tooth to its original color and soundness, after which it may be, with care, indefinitely preserved but the unscrupulous dentist may, of course, construe this suspicious-looking spot as caries, and he may wickedly cut away sound tooth surface, fill in with the customary unsightly gold, and the unsuspecting victim pays the bill and departs none the wiser. Of course, in the front teeth it is especially unfortunate to make a cavity where it could have been avoided.

Let us now consider the diet. But first, let me explain why the diet is of such great importance. Certain foods that contain lime act in a way to strengthen the bony structure of the teeth. When I tell you that fifty-four and seven-tenths per cent of the composition of the teeth is phosphate of lime, when they are in normal condition, you will see why we should try to get as much lime as possible in our systems. It is lime in the teeth that prevents their softening and decay.

Therefore, gluten and whole wheat breads, when that is possible, or corn bread, together with cooked cereals, instead of cakes, white bread and sweets should be eaten. These should be supplemented by various preparations of phosphates to introduce lime into the system. A simple lime water, which can be prepared by any housewife, or any intelligent employee, is one of the best of these preparations.

Use one teaspoonful of clean, un-slacked lime and two quarts of water. Put the lime into a pitcher and pour the water over it. Stir the mixture carefully, or shake it until it looks like milk. Then pour off the water. Fill the pitcher again with pure water. Again stir or shake thoroughly.

Tie over the pitcher a piece of muslin to keep out the dust and possible floating germs. Let it stand overnight in a clean, cool place until the water is clear. Pour the clear portion into clean, glass-stoppered bottles.

It is well after eating acid fruits to rinse the mouth carefully two or three times with lime water or any alkaline mouth wash. Or when the teeth have been irritated, or unpleasantly affected, or the gums irritated by a food or medicine to which they are unaccustomed, rub precipitated chalk about the necks of the teeth

and between the teeth.

This is a hint which you would do well to heed, for I have found it an invaluable aid in keeping my mouth wholesome and free from nervous disturbances that sometimes precede the threatened aching of a recalcitrant tooth. Every night before retiring the mouth should be well rinsed with milk of magnesia, which can be procured from your druggist.

Here are a few general rules which you should never allow yourself to disobey if you value the good health of your teeth: Avoid articles of diet that are very sweet or very sour, and any drinks that are excessively hot or extremely cold. Eat sparingly of candy, rich pastry and puddings, except those consisting chiefly of fruit. Also, I would warn you against ices, pickles, sour oranges or grapefruit that is not fully ripe.

You will find that any one with especially good teeth seldom drinks ice water, or very hot tea or coffee. For myself I have found that if I would keep my teeth in good condition I must be most careful of my diet, quite as much for the sake of my teeth as for my complexion.

J. Bawden challenges comparison of his Barred Rocks and Rhode Island Reds for appearance, weight or laying capabilities.

CLEANSING & DYEING

(By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.)

The decided drop in the prices of textiles and clothing is most encouraging to thoughts of Easter frocks, but to many of us still, alas! even the low prices do not admit of an entirely new gown or suit. Yet undoubtedly, we are tired of the "same old blue serge" or whatever it may be that we seem to have worn so endlessly.

My little chat this morning is to bring home to the woman who is forced to make over or renovate garments for herself or children. In the first place the home woman may compete with great success with the commercial cleanser who charges us so much. It is not beyond the ability of any capable woman to learn to remove stains, spots and soil from clothing by either dry or wet method. The materials used are chiefly French chalk, purchased at the druggists, and the best grade of benzine or other, or gasoline.

In most cases it is advisable to rip the garment entirely apart first in order to be able to work on it better.

If the garment is of silk, or part silk, or in light colors of wools, it is best to use benzine or gasoline. Great care has to be taken with the process. Choose a cool day and work in the shade or on the roof or in the cellar, where there is no danger from fire. Have sufficient of whichever liquid you use to immerse the garment completely and actually wash, using a small brush if the garment is very badly soiled. Rinse in clean benzine or gasoline and hang at once OUT OF DOORS. Pour the dirty liquid at once upon the ground—never down a drainpipe.

In many cases it is best to remove the worst grease spots before washing the entire article. To do this lay the spot over a piece of clean white blotting paper and gently brush or scour with a soft brush or cloth moistened in the gasoline. Consequently change the blotter and piece of cloth used in rubbing and rub the stain until it is dry. Then immerse as already described. This method is best on new fresh stains, especially of grease or oil.

The use of a medicine dropper to apply the stain remover will greatly aid the work and keep it neat. Quickness and care are also necessary to good results. It is most important to know what material has caused the stain—whether milk, blood, machine oil, grass or what—because each stain must be handled in a different way.

There is a special "reagent" or chemical which affects and neutralizes the substances which have created the stain in the first place. Thus lemon juice or oxalic acid removes ink; borax removes fruit stains; hydrochloric acid removes iron rust; turpentine removes machine oil, and so on. The better the worker knows the cause of the stains the more sure she will be of removing them.

While either gasoline or benzine can be used on the most delicate silk or chiffon, these are often as well treated with tepid water and white soap. Wash and rinse very quickly without creasing. If fabrics are very delicate they may be given a treatment with French chalk or Fuller's earth. Fuller's earth, dry starch and magnesia (French chalk) are absorbents, and by covering the fabric with one of these dry powders the dirt, especially when of a greasy nature, is absorbed. This method is particularly good for white, woolly materials, such as baby coats, delicate wool shawls or scarfs, velvet and corduroy of delicate shade.

Velvets often merely need a steaming. To do this stand a hot iron on end and cover the bottom of it with a wet cloth. Pass the velvet over this holding the wrong side next to the cloth. You may also hold the velvet over the steam of a teakettle. Apply twice in this manner. Never wring or squeeze velvet, velveteen or corduroy. Brush down the nap with a brush while damp. To clean velvet collars make a strong white soap suds and add one teaspoonful of kerosene to a pint of suds. Spread thoroughly over the collar, then rub off with a soft brush. Wipe with a clean, hot cloth to remove all soap, then steam and the collar will look like new.

Many a garment shows no signs of wear, but its color has become faded or perhaps distasteful. In such a case home dyeing will prove an economical solution. Before beginning the garment should be completely ripped, cleaned and washed. While the use of flake or soap cold-water dyes is sometimes successful, more permanent results are secured by the use of the hot water bath dyes. The chief place of the soap dyes is in tinting, not real dyeing. They act best on chiffon and sheer materials, but not so well on wool and heavy fabrics.

Many women are adept at home dyeing, but it is a process which requires care and constant watching throughout. One must be careful to dissolve perfectly and strain the dye powder. The article to be dyed must be wet, preferably hot, and it should be immersed quickly. The bath must be stirred. A "control" piece of goods about four inches square should be used frequently to test the dye to secure just the right shade. Always remember that the color will dry out much lighter than when taken from the bath. The article should be rinsed quickly and carefully in cold water and dried in a still place. Observe the directions for whatever salt or vinegar is required to "set" the dye while in the bath. The dyed pieces should be carefully pressed with a cool iron and will then be ready to be cut for the new garment. Just changing the color alone is often enough to make the dress attractive. But if also cut in a new style, and made up with new trimming, it will be a new dress indeed.

ALL PARTIES INTERESTED IN THE ABOVE PROPERTY OR ANY PART THEREOF: TAKE NOTICE that an application will be made herein, at the Town Hall in the Town of Macleod, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on Wednesday, April 13th, 1921, to H. Milton Martin, a Commissioner under the said Act, or such other Commissioner as may be in attendance having jurisdiction.

For an Order—(a) Fixing the date when all arrears of taxes must be paid. (b) That in default of payment of all taxes in arrears within the prescribed time the said Sub-Divisions or part thereof will be cancelled, and the said Sub-Division transferred en bloc to the Municipality of the Town of Macleod together with all streets, lanes, and avenues therein and contiguous thereto, free from all encumbrances excepting such as may be due to other Tax Enforcing Authorities.

(c) Segregating certain lots in said Sub-Divisions, placing a value on any of the said lots whether the taxes on the said lots are paid or not at which value the said Town of Macleod may purchase the same. AND FOR SUCH FURTHER AND OTHER ORDER as may be effectively and absolutely cancel all the right, title, and interest whatsoever of the owner of the said lots or any person whomsoever in and to the said lots or lands and for the vesting of the same in the name of the said Town of Macleod.

Dated at the Town of Macleod, in the Province of Alberta, this Fifth day of March, A. D. 1921.

E. FORSTER BROWN, Secretary-Treasurer.

It seems an odd little trick of fate that brings an older woman to a younger one for advice on that ever-engaging topic: Matrimony. But we had much in common in that we both had the natural and inevitable questionings as to leaving a tried and proven field by a route which meant burning one's boats behind one. I had burned mine, and she stood, ready to embark, but hesitating on the brink. She saw, on one side of the river, to which she still clung with a half-fearful and half-longing glance towards the other, the work, the delightful work, ever stimulating her

Millinery Opening

SPRING 1921

We take pleasure in inviting you to inspect our Trimmed Millinery and Millinery Merchandise on display

Mon. & Tues. March 21-22
AND FOLLOWING DAYS

MISS A. M. WILSON

mind and ever opening up new vistas which had been the salt and savor of her life for many years, and on the far side the comfort and quiet and peace and protection of her own home with her own husband, whom she loved.

"I love my work, but I've come to see that the things we love aren't always best for us," she said, with the cooler vision that comes with added years. "I'm sacrificing a great deal to it, sacrificing some of the best things in me, perhaps, things I ought to be fostering for my own soul's sake."

"Don't be so solemn about it, but be sensible," said the third member of the intimate trio, briskly, and I gladly relinquished my post as advisor to her. "You've had your work. It's been great. It has made you what you are, very likely, but you can't stop there. You must move on."

"At your age," she went on, mercifully, "you've got to move or you'll stagnate. It would be the easiest thing in the world for you to stay where you are and just gradually slump until there'd be no more health in you. In a nutshell, all there is for you in your present life, you've got out of it. Now turn to a life in which you can develop."

"But all the interesting side-lines, all the things that make life stimulating—the object of all this advice, rather bewildered at what she had drawn down upon herself, started, vaguely, and the Practical Person (whose practicality had, after all, a decidedly sentimental side) interposed.

"You're not abandoning everything you have done and been and accomplished in the last fifteen or twenty years. You're only adapting them to new ends. Your professional life has given you priceless things. But they're not the things you can ever leave behind. They're in your character, and you're going to take them with you and turn them into new channels. You've learned a thousand little things

that will tell every day in your home, of course, but, better still, you've attained those big things that, under the happiest of new circumstances, will make you conscious of a power you only half guessed.

By this time the Practical Person had grown quite oratorical, and we were listening spellbound. Becoming suddenly aware of our rapt faces, she collapsed in a little fit of laughter at her own eloquence, contending, at the same time,

"It's true, anyway." The object of all our combined solicitude drew a glittering cluster of light from the end of a chain which hung round her neck and slipped it onto the third finger of her left hand. "I guess it is," she said, quietly.

CHINESE FAMINE FUND

Thankfully acknowledged—\$5.00, an Easter offering. J. Kennedy.

A man's friends are seldom as loyal to him as he thinks they should be.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that, in accordance with the provisions of The Irrigation Act, the undersigned has filed the necessary memorial and plans required by Sections 13 and 15 of the said Act, with the Commissioner of Irrigation, at Calgary, Alberta. The applicant applies for the right to divert one hundred and thirteen (113) acre-feet of water per annum from Belly River at a point on the Northwest quarter of section 11, township 9, range 24, West of the 4th meridian, for irrigation purposes, and for the right to construct the necessary works, as shown by the memorial and plans filed, to enable the water so diverted to be used for the said irrigation purposes on the Southwest quarter of section 14, township 9, range 24, West of the 4th meridian.

The said Northwest quarter of section 11 is also affected by right of way for the proposed works. Dated at Macleod, Alberta, this 15th day of January, 1921.

THOMAS WORTHINGTON, Applicant.

The land Titles Act. Application No. 1145. ADVERTISEMENT

MORTGAGE SALE OF VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY

UNDER and by virtue of the Powers of Sale provided by the Land Titles Act, under a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of the sale.

There will be offered for sale by public auction at the Court House Steps in the Town of Macleod in the Province of Alberta, on Saturday, the 9th day of April, 1921, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the following property, namely:

ALL AND SINGULAR that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the Province of Alberta, being composed of the North West Quarter of Section Thirty-two (32) in Township Seven (7) Range Twenty-five (25), West of the Fourth Meridian in the Province of Alberta, as shown on a plan of survey of the said Township signed at Ottawa 7th November, 1900, by Edouard Deville, Surveyor General of Dominion Lands and of record in the Department of the Interior, containing One Hundred and Sixty-two (162) acres more or less.

Terms of the sale to be 20 per cent cash at the time of the sale, and the balance according to the terms and conditions to be made known at the time of the sale or upon application to the vendor's solicitors.

The above property will be offered for sale subject to a sealed reserve bid and free from all encumbrances, save taxes for the current year.

The vendor is informed that the above property is situated about nine miles from Macleod and four miles from the nearest Post Office. The improvements consist of a frame house, barn and granary in a fair state of repair.

For further particulars and conditions of sale, apply to Joseph D. Matheson, Barrister &c., Macleod. Dated at Calgary this 28th day of February, A. D. 1921.

Approved: "W. Forbes" Registrar. JOSEPH D. MATHESON, Vendor's Solicitor.

MUNICIPAL DISTRICT OF BRIGHT NO. 69

ANNUAL GOPHER COMPETITION

BOUNTY OF ONE CENT PER TAIL

THREE PRIZES

IN ADDITION FOR THREE SCHOOLS WHOSE PUPILS TURN IN GREATEST NUMBER OF TAILS.

FIRST PRIZE \$15.00
SECOND PRIZE \$10.00
THIRD PRIZE \$ 5.00

SCHOOL PRIZES PAID TO SCHOOL DISTRICTS WHICH WILL DISBURSE SAME FOR BENEFIT OF PUPILS.

All Tails Must be from Gophers Caught in the Year 1921

FREE PACKAGE OF POISON

GIVEN EACH CONTESTANT—APPLY H. W. BRIGHT, SECRETARY-TREASURER.

COMPETITION CLOSING MAY 15th, 1921

R. B. McNAB, Reeve

Business Paragraphs

Gopher Poison—Get it from McNay
Fire Insurance—See H. C. Winter Co.

A new insurance offer—see A. F. Grady.

Lemire will make new shoes out of old ones.
Best equipment and Service—The Silver Grill.

MacMillan, The Tailor—Cleaning, Pressing Dyeing.
Fruit or shade trees—order now from the K.A.Y.

Billy Wilkinson, Auto Livery—Phone 215 or 105.

For spring battery overhauling go to W. O. Hoodless.

Meals, smokes, ice cream, rooms at the Palace Cafe.

If you don't see well consult Russell, graduate optician.

Drying and Transfer Work done promptly—H. H. Young.

New open for business—The Macleod Vulcanizing Works.

For rent—Hudson's Bay Buildings. See Geo. H. Scougall, rental agent.

Horsemen—get Sur Shot Bot Remedy at A. D. Ferguson's Drug Store.

Make your Easter Gift jewelry and buy it from J. T. Doney, the jeweler.

Rhode Island Reds—birds and hatching eggs for sale—C. Hammersley.

Reduced prices on Ford Cars—read the Co-operative Garage advertisement.

Look up the advertisement of Municipal District of Bright Gopher Competition.

Dander Jazz eradicates dandruff—J. P. Rankin sells it at the Rex Barber Shop.

List your lands with Hugh MacKintosh, local agent United Grain Growers.

The White Hall Grocery advertisement announces some new specials—look them up.

It's worthy of your attention—Bawden's Family Loaf—The best bread on earth.

Caps of style and quality—J. T. Marks sells 'em to people who are looking for the best.

For rent—Hudson's Bay Coy's garage, heated by natural gas. See Geo. H. Scougall, agent.

Whitefoot Photo Service for amateur finishing, portraiture and commercial photography.

High Quality Farm Implements—McLaughlin Cars—Oils and Greases—H. H. Young, Macleod.

Undertaking Rooms on 16th Street between 2nd and 3rd Ave.—Phone 218—George McFarquhar.

Garden Seed—Seed Grain—Grass Seed—You can get them all at the U.F.A. Co-operative Store.

The Great West Saddlery will compete with catalogue prices for harness, etc.—see their advertisement.

See Reach & Co.'s announcement of special bargains in Easter and spring goods—Don't miss this opportunity.

R. T. Barker carries a well assorted stock of Men's Furnishings—all desirable lines and at right prices.

Massey-Harris Cream Separators—easy to fill—easy to turn—easy to clean—Get them from R. J. E. Gardiner.

Do it Electrically—See the new announcement of the Town of Macleod Electricity Department—it will pay you to look this up.

Cockshutt seed drills and Cockshutt machinery—greatest crop producers on earth—See N. W. Dilatush, agent.

A1 shoe repairs, rubber heels, rubber golfing and walking studs at—W. K. Mackie's, shoemaker, next Town Hall.

See D. R. Carse for that job of plumbing, gas fitting or steam fitting—Prompt and efficient service guaranteed.

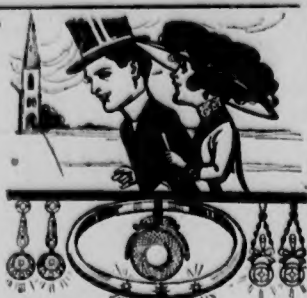
Spring stock complete—full range of ready-made clothing—latest styles—suits to measure from \$35.00 up. J. W. Moreash.

For all kinds of building and contracting—general carpenter work—go to C. W. Stevens, 24th St., opposite Times Office.

You can sell that second hand furniture to advantage if you go to H. Pitkin & Co. Auctioneering solicited in town of Macleod.

Don't fail to read Miss A. M. Wilson's Millinery Opening Announcement. Dates, Monday and Tuesday, March 21 and 22.

Go to Lambert for estimates on your building or other carpenter jobs—you know from his record he will



MAKE YOUR EASTER GIFT

one of jewelry which is becoming more and more popular for Easter giving. We are making a special display of jewelry suitable for Easter offerings. It is not all expensive. In fact you can secure a handsome gift at almost any price you care to pay. See the exhibit anyway.

JOHN T. DONEY
JEWELER

HIDDEN TREASURE

(Continued from Page Three)

and thanked his God for the great opportunities which were his.

But below him, in the dining hall, the Marquis de Darnigny still sat drooping in the arm-chair of worked and dead and gray ashes in the fire-place. His gaze was fixed upon the escutcheon carved over the hearth and a great bitterness showed in his sunken eyes.

He felt particularly helpless in the trouble which had come upon his beloved France. It is hard when one has nearly reached the allotted span to learn how to run away, to leave behind one the home of one's ancestors—to become an outcast in a foreign land. For an hour the old nobleman sat there huddled in his chair, then with a sigh he rose to his feet.

How long Remy slept he could not tell, but he awoke suddenly. He felt that something had been the cause and, alert on the instant, he raised himself on his elbow to listen. His life for the last year had made him a light sleeper, and had taught him to lie with his hand on his weapon.

Now everything was quiet, with that stillness which immediately precedes the dawn, the hour when the life of the world is at its lowest ebb. For a few moments Remy sat still, then, as he was about to return to his dreams, something sounded in the room below him, a noise which grated harshly on the quietude.

The young soldier slid from the bed to the floor. What he had heard was for all the world like the grating of locks, rusty and seldom used, and now that his ear was attuned to his surroundings, he could make out the stealthy movements of footsteps.

Half-dressed as he was he quietly opened the door of his room and peered out on to the dark landing. The moonlight streamed in at the long, many-paned window, and cut a mosaic of brilliance on the oak stairs and on the fantastically carved banisters. Looking down into the hall below, the young man saw that the door of the dining-room stood partly open. Carefully he descended the stairs, his stockings feet making no sound.

It was only a portion of the large room that came within his range of vision, but that portion took in the further end of the long table, where, beneath the light of a pair of candles, the Marquis de Darnigny sat writing. Before him on the table were papers and cases and boxes, the latter of heavy oak, massive and brass-bound. One of these stood open and, as Remy watched, the nobleman drew it toward him, lifting out tray after tray. The candle-light flashed and shimmered on the contents, and the rays were thrown back in red and violet, in green, orange and blue.

On the table, too, stood gold and silver plate, massive escutcheoned salvers, tall, gracefully wrought cups and vases; and there were also a few pictures. And amongst all this radiant display stood an object which, perhaps by reason of its dullness, attracted the watcher's eye. It was a well-carved oak representation of an apple; its size was about that of the natural fruit.

As he looked it came to Remy that his eavesdropping was unworthy of him, and he withdrew to his room as silently as he had come. He was an honorable man and he would put from his mind what he had witnessed. Stories of the Darnigny treasure had often reached him, but he had paid no heed, neither believing nor disbelieving the Aladdin-like rumors.

And in the bustle and stir next day the events of the night passed from his mind. The few servants who remained were dismissed with liberal presents; old Pierre and his wife were to remain. They would live in the lodge and would tell comers that the family were travelling. They were to do their best to protect the chateau, but were to make their escape if danger threatened.

Sylvia and the English nurse had been sent off alone by the postchaise, travelling by easy stages to Fecamp, there to take up their quarters at the "Taverne de la Lune" and await the Marquis and Remy. The old nobleman had protested strongly against the parting, but Remy had persuaded him as to the safety of his granddaughter.

Susan was to pass as an English woman who had crossed to fetch away the little girl from a convent at Orleans. She had been well drilled in her part, and instructed that, when questioned, she was to show the passports and speak in broken French. She was to say hard things of the priests (which Susan, being a staunch Protestant, would not find hard). Her mistress in London, she would say, had heard of the doings in France and was removing her daughter from the evil influence of the convent.

Remy well knew that this would please the "patriots," and the safety of the woman would consist in her being alone with the child—the pros and cons of which they must pass had learnt to suspect a party of people. As for the Marquis and himself, they must rely on their wits, and they would be able to take risks which the presence of the woman and little Sylvia would forbid.

CHAPTER V.
Another Victim.

As Remy waited in the dining-hall for the Marquis to join him he ran over in his mind the programme. With his hands clasped lightly behind his back he paced up and down the long room, his eyes fixed on the wall before him. Suddenly he stopped, then walked swiftly to the paneling of the wall to the right of the fire-place.

The panels were large and plain, with the exception of a minute banding and a carved device at the corners. It was this latter which had caught Remy's eye—a device, conventional enough, of a cornucopia shedding its wealth of fruit. It was the carved form of an apple which brought vividly to the young man the scene of the night before.

He advanced his hand to touch it when a voice came from the doorway, and turning quickly Remy saw the Marquis—a new Marquis, looking like a provincial merchant, in a long black frock-coat of coarse fustian, black cloth breeches, stockings and well-worn buckled shoes.

"The carriage waits, Monsieur de Perancourt," he said, smiling, and Remy, flanking from the window, saw drawn up in the courtyard a shabby, covered cart, with broken and patched harness, and filled with cases and boxes packed in straw. This was the first step in the journey to the "Taverne de la Lune" at Fecamp.

"Really, monsieur, it seems to me that the Comedie Francaise lost a likely recruit when Remy Perancourt took to the profession of arms."

The young man, flattered, leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Come, Monsieur le Marquis, the game's been easy. It's poor sport to make fools of these provincials, these jack-in-office, who tie a three-colored sash round their shapeless figures and proclaim themselves the friends of the people. They can no more penetrate the curtain of their self-importance than—"

The fugitive had rested since mid-day. They were a few leagues beyond Bobec, and the sight of the "Croix d'Argent," which lay invitingly back from the road, had proved too attractive to the travel-worn men. The rain had poured down incessantly and pitilessly, and the interminable Normandy roads had been for the last few hours rivers of mud and at points almost impassable. The flat fields of the countryside lay desolate to the horizon and the stately rows of poplars loomed up, gray silhouettes, in the midst.

But the little room of the "Croix d'Argent" told nothing of the dreariness without. The light from the wood fire flinted pleasantly on the dark furniture and on the brass and china of the dresser. It was now past ten and the remains of a meal still littered the table; on the shelf over the fireplace two candles burned steadily in their brass stands.

In the kitchen behind the hostess could be heard humming a love song, a song which was acting as a lullaby on the Marquis, who, comfortably seated in a corner of the settle, was blinking at the flames. A half-empty bottle of excellent port stood at Remy's elbow. The young man took it up to replenish the glasses.

Suddenly his figure straightened rigidly into an attitude of listening. The song in the kitchen had ceased and a voice, gruff and forbidding, was raised in authority. The listener leaned forward and breathed a word of caution into the ear of the Marquis. Then he again took up the bottle.

The door was thrown violently open and a man entered. He shook the rain from his sodden hat and threw it upon the table. Remy saw that a bunch of tri-colored feathers drooped from the brim. The newcomer, bending his brows, glanced suspiciously across at the pair by the fireside as he drew off his gloves.

"A wet night, citizens," he was a man of about forty, thin and wiry. His small stature was accentuated by the carriage of his head, which was sunk, bird-like, between his high shoulders. His eyes, large and set close to the bridge of his nose,

shone fixedly from beneath his overhanging brows, and gave one the impression that he was always looking up at one. A tangle of reddish hair was pushed back from a large forehead and was tied carelessly behind in a short pigtail. The face showed shrewd cunning and was deeply marked with the smallpox. Altogether, thought Remy, a most undesirable acquaintance for Monsieur le Marquis de Darnigny.

But he returned the stranger's salutation and pushed his chair back invitingly. The newcomer came forward and stretched his riding-boots out to the blaze. The moment before the man's entrance had sufficed for Remy to give the nobleman his cue, and the old man in the settee seemed to slumber.

"You must excuse the citizen here," Remy was speaking with a strong provincial accent; "a keener judge of a bottle of port I never knew. Come, Citizen Braille, get up to bed."

The old man looked up sheepishly, blinking at the stranger. He smiled foolishly and rose unsteadily to his legs. Remy, as he watched him, thought the stage had lost another capable actor in the person of the master of the Chateau Chauville. The Marquis reached out to grasp the bottle, missed it cleverly, and clutched at the table. The younger man rose and took him by the arm. There was a little tortuous staircase opening out into the corner of the room and leading to the bedrooms, and to this harbor of refuge the old man was piloted.

When Remy returned he threw himself into his chair with a short laugh. The stranger was standing as he had left him, before the fire, the steam rising from his rainsoaked clothes. Remy pushed the bottle over to the motionless figure.

"You will join me, citizen? Our friend appreciates his own wares overmuch, I am afraid. A wine-merchant, citizen from Limoges. We are on our way to Havre with samples for shipment—that is, if we have any samples left when we get there."

"Ah! And you have been on the road today?"

"Yes. And you in the saddle?"

"Since the morning, citizen. The work of the republic needs fleet horses. You have your passports—you are patriots?"

For answer Remy stood up and raised his glass. "To the Convention," he said, "and to those brave men who are fighting the people's battle in Paris!" And when he had drained his glass, "Good wine, citizen, but I wish it were the blood of the Austrian woman!"

The other man smiled his approbation. "The Austrian's blood will flow sure enough, citizen. Your sentiment do you a vast credit. They are wanting men such as you in Paris."

"Ah, Paris! What room is there for a wine-merchant's clerk among the patriots there?"

"You would help, eh? Give me your name, citizen; I have influential friends in the committee."

The speaker paused and took a sip at his glass.

"I wonder," he went on, eyeing the other shrewdly, "whether you passed on your road a party of an old man with a child—a little girl—and an English nurse? I am acting on orders received from Paris."

"They are emigres?"

"Surely!"

For some moments Remy sat gazing at the dying fire, his brows knit together in thought. The Republican watched him narrowly.

"Supposing I can help you—what do you say?"

"Then there is a career awaiting you in Paris. Great events make great opportunities. You have my word on it."

"Well, citizen, my news may amount to but little. It was a league the other side of Lilliburne. We were passing a little wood of pines that lay back from the road. We noticed a thin spiral of smoke above the trees, but had given it no thought. As we drove on, however, a woman came running from the little wood, calling to us and asking for a little milk. She was English, citizen, and said she wanted the milk for a little girl who was ill."

The man from Paris was drawing on the boots he had taken off as Remy finished speaking. He was laboring under intense excitement and in his eyes was the ferocious look of the animal who scents its game. His instructions had been explicit. Herat, his master, look upon the arrest of the cidevant Marquis de Darnigny as

essential to his reputation, and to the more important capture of the son—and those who helped him to his reward would themselves reap plentifully. So the man from Paris was drawing on his boots.

He jumped to his feet, and snatching his hat from the table made for the door. He did not see the smile on the face of the man by the fire.

"Come, citizen, the rain has ceased and the moon is up. Show me the road now. There is little time to lose. I may start tonight."

The two men passed out through the kitchen of the inn. The rain had indeed stopped falling, but a boisterous wind showered the drops from the trees and scattered the white petals of the apple blossoms. The moon, mist-ringed, showed through a storm wrack of clouds as Remy took his companion by the arm and led him across the orchard to where, behind a hedge, the pale light showed the rats and paddles of the high-road.

"I can point you the direction from that rising ground in the corner yonder. We should see the lights of Bolbec from there. You are a stranger in these parts, citizen?"

SEE RIGHT!



If You Don't See Well, Consult

RUSSELL

Graduate Optician, About Your Eyes

We Grind Our Own Lenses

R. W. RUSSELL
Jeweler Optician

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essential to his reputation, and to the more important capture of the son—and those who helped him to his reward would themselves reap plentifully. So the man from Paris was drawing on his boots.

He jumped to his feet, and snatching his hat from the table made for the door. He did not see the smile on the face of the man by the fire.

"Come, citizen, the rain has ceased and the moon is up. Show me the road now. There is little time to lose. I may start tonight."

The two men passed out through the kitchen of the inn. The rain had indeed stopped falling, but a boisterous wind showered the drops from the trees and scattered the white petals of the apple blossoms. The moon, mist-ringed, showed through a storm wrack of clouds as Remy took his companion by the arm and led him across the orchard to where, behind a hedge, the pale light showed the rats and paddles of the high-road.

"I can point you the direction from that rising ground in the corner yonder. We should see the lights of Bolbec from there. You are a stranger in these parts, citizen?"

Resolved that the strike be abolished as a weapon in industrial disputes," was debated upon. The affirmative was supported by Margaret Shield and Orville Kirk, the negative by Nancy Robb and Charles Faulkes. The judges, members of the Public School Staff, decided in favor of the affirmative.

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CURRENT EMPRESS THEATRE ATTRACTIONS

LOUIS BENNISON STARS IN
"ROAD CALLED STRAIGHT"

Louis Bennison transplants many thrills of the West to the East in several interest-compelling incidents of his newest Betzwood production, "The Road Called Straight," which comes to the Empress Theatre, beginning Friday. In his role of Al Boyd, a wealthy rancher, the brilliant artist surpasses even his notable characterization of Johnny Higgins in his celebrated stage success, "Johnny Get Your Gun," and is given freer rein to demonstrate his right to screen stardom than was afforded him in any of his previous Betzwood successes.

Boyd is visited by Robert Swiftmore, head of an Eastern packing corporation, who seeks to purchase Boyd's interests. With him is his daughter, Betty (Ormi Hawley), with whom Boyd is immediately smitten. She spurs his offer of marriage, and in order to win his way into Betty's good graces, Boyd gives Swiftmore a three months' option. Misfortune overtakes the financier, and to save the family fortune Betty wiles Boyd to come East and claim her. The marriage of convenience and the scheming of Betty's former suitor lead Boyd into innumerable scrapes, but his indomitable courage triumphs against overwhelming odds in the end. Though not until the hardy Westerner is enmeshed in a series of thrilling situations to which only dare-devil Louis Bennison could do full justice.

COMING TO THE EMPRESS

The Macleod Dramatic Society will present the noted three-act comedy, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," at the Empress Theatre on Tuesday, April 12th, under the auspices of the A. Y. P. A. If you want to laugh away your worries, don't miss this show. Remember the date, April 12th at the Empress. Watch for further advertising in the next issue of The Times.

WONDERFUL LEAP ON
HORSEBACK IS FEATURE
OF NEW BILL HART FILM

Thrills Aplenty in Latest Western Photoplay "Sand!" Soon to be Shown Here

To leap from a high cliff, towering above the river, and land in the water while sticking to the saddle of his Pinto Pony is one of the thrilling feats accomplished by William S. Hart in "Sand!" his newest production for Paramount Artcraft, which will be seen at the Empress theatre next Monday and Tuesday.

Monday and Tuesday.

In the effort to reach the scene of a train hold-up, the star in the role of Dan Kurrie, takes a short cut and in order to be on time, makes the death-defying leap. He is a target for the bullets from the bandit's guns as he starts to swim his horse across the river, and to save the animal, he sends it back and strikes out alone. As a bullet passes his head he dives and the bandits think he is lost. Then he swims underwater and come out in time to turn the tables and save the treasure train—doubly so because on it is the girl he loves better than his own life.

The picture abounds in thrills and in human interest—a quality that insures its reception by the public. Lambert Hillier directed and also wrote the scenario from a story by Russell A. Boggs. Joe August, A.S.C. did the camera work, which is declared to be admirable.

Mary Thurman, noted screen beauty, displays exceptional talent in her rendition of the leading feminine role and there is a splendid cast in addition. There is also a strong vein of comedy and withal, the picture is regarded as one of Mr. Hart's best.

BILL HART COMING

Bill Hart went out into the cactus country of the great Southwest to make his new picture, "Sand!" which will be the attraction at the Empress Theatre for two days commencing Monday next. Bill believes in absolute realism in all his pictures.



LOUIS BENNISON

THE ROAD CALLED STRAIGHT
A Betzwood Production
Released through Goldwyn

Empress Theatre Friday & Saturday

How would you feel if you had borrowed another chap's wife, in order to practice a little harmless deception on an inquisitive relative, and you unexpectedly had the matter brought to the attention of your fiancée, whom you had neglected to inform of the matter. Explanations galore, and the more explanations the more laughs in Owen Moore's latest Selznick picture, "The Chicken in the Case," at the Empress Theatre Wednesday and Thursday.

THE PROMISE OF BREAD

Out on the frozen uplands,
Underneath the snow and sleet,
In the bosom of the ploughland
Sleeps the Promise of the Wheat;
With the ice for head and foot stone,
And a snowy shroud outspread,
In the frost-laden tomb of Winter
Sleeps the Promise of Bread!
With its hundred thousand reapers
And its hundred thousand men,
And the click of guard and sickle
And the flails that turn again;
And drover's shout and snap of whips
And creak of horses' tugs,
And a thin red line of gingham girls
That carry water-jugs;
And yellow stalks and dagger beards
That stab through cotton clothes,
And farmers' boys a-shocking wheat
In long and crooked rows;
And dust-veiled men on mountain
stacks,
Whose pitchforks flash and gleam;
And threshing engines shrieking
songs
In syllables of steam;
And elevators painted red
That lift their giant arms
And beckon to the Harvest God
Above the brooding farms;
And loaded trains that hasten forth,
A hungry world to fill—
All sleeping just beneath the snow,
Out yonder on the hill!



OWEN MOORE IN "THE CHICKEN IN THE CASE" SELZNICK PICTURE

Empress Wed. and Thurs. next week

"THE CHICKEN IN THE CASE"

Owen Moore and "The Chicken in the Case." That will be the comedy combination on view at the Empress Theatre for two days starting Wednesday next week, so Mr. and Mrs. Screen Fan, if you have smiles to smile, prepare to smile them then.

In his latest Selznick Picture Mr. Moore has been provided with another of his well-known and exclusive type of screen characters, and it is prophesied that his role of Steve Perkins will be long remembered as the funniest thing he has ever done.

The story, by Victor Heerman, is straight comedy verging into farce, and the hero is a young man who tries to delude his aunt, who is also his financial guardian, into believing he has married and settled down, whereas he is merely single and trying to get enough money to settle up. To carry out the deception he enlists the aid of his pal, Percy Jones, from whom he persuades the "loan" of his newly acquired wife. What happens from then on is better described in action than in words, and the action, and there is lost of it, will be found in this most hilarious screen comedy.

Victor Heerman, in addition to being the author of the story, is also the director of the picture, and it is claimed that "The Chicken in the Case" will place him in the front ranks of comedy producers.

In addition to the star cast comes the names of Katherine Perry, Teddy Sampson, Vivian Ogden, Edgar Nelson and Walter Walker.

TENDERS
FOR FARM LAND

To close out the undersigned will receive tenders marked "Tender for Purchase McAllister Estate," up to April 9th, 1921, for the purchase of, S. W. 1/4 of Sec. 13, Township 9, Range 28, West 4th.
N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 13, Township 9, Range 28, West 4th.
N. W. 1/4 of Sec. 18, Township 9, Range 27, West 4th.

Marked cheque for 10% must accompany tender. Terms 1-3 cash, balance arranged. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Full particulars on application.

The Imperial Canadian Trust Company.

E. E. CAMPBELL, Manager.

227, 8th Avenue, West, Calgary.
3-21

TOWN OF MACLEOD
ASSESSMENT ROLL 1921

NOTICE is hereby given that the assessment roll of the Town of Macleod for the year 1921 has been prepared and is now open for inspection at the office of the secretary-treasurer of the town from 10 o'clock in the forenoon to four o'clock in the afternoon on every day which is not a public holiday, except Saturday (and on that day from 10 o'clock in the morning to 12 o'clock noon), and that any ratepayer who desires to object to the assessment of himself or of any other person must, within thirty days after the date of this notice, lodge his complaint in writing at my office.

Dated this 23rd day of March, 1921.
E. FORSTER BROWN, Assessor.
3-1t

SALVATION ARMY NOTES

The Army Hall was filled to its utmost capacity last Sunday evening. Thank God for young men who are imbued with power from on high, and who are not afraid to preach God's Holy Word fearlessly, and withal, lovingly. We have faith to believe that no sincere effort for Christ can fail, though to human eyes there may be little encouragement, but His word shall prevail. Every faithful messenger or invitation, shall in the end, be to those who reject it, the "savor of death unto death," but to those who accept it, the "savor of life unto life." Read Isaiah 55:11.

Lieut. Batterbury read a poem, "The Master is Coming Today," and then took as his text Act 16:30, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved." "Sirs, generally know the way to be saved, but do not appear to think of the other side of the question 'what must I do to be eternally lost?' Every honest heart knows that to associate with worldly companions (and the Bible tells us in Romans 12:2, "and be not conformed to this world") does not tend to make one love the prayer-meeting or love to pray—really talk to our Father. Some may go to church or meetings, get under conviction—refuse to obey God's voice and go away and be damned; some may resist the strivings of the Holy Spirit, despite the opportunities offered of being saved, go away and become harder and harder. John preached "repent, believe and be born again." If you neglect God and your soul you will be lost. You die as you live. If Christ is not in your heart tonight, you are a sinner for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." A sinner is a pleasure seeker. God created man in His own image. Wordly pleasures last only for a time and what will they profit you? Motor cars, finery, worldly goods. Solomon said: "Take away the dross from the silver." Let us think for a moment what is under the dross—Will, Heart and Conscience. Am I accountable to God? Certainly. See Romans 14:12. We shall all have to give an account of our thoughts, actions, life, etc., and the all-seeing eye of God knows all. Does He charge us with sin? Does He punish sin? "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "The wages of sin is death." Must I perish? God is not willing that any should perish, if you reject God you only are to blame. God is long-expecting and patient—slow to anger, and everyone has a chance. Christ came into the world to save sinners. Can I be saved now? Come as you are. He will accept a truly repentant heart. He is able to keep you. You will not live unto yourself but unto God. No need to fear death and eternity for "I go to prepare a place for you." "Let not your heart be troubled" and "I will come again and receive you unto myself." Glory, Amen.

Next Sunday evening Brother Davy will preach, and there will be special Easter music.

WEATHER DIARY, 1920

(Report by W. J. Ryan)

March 10th, Wednesday—Bright and warm, snow melting.
March 11th, Thursday—Bright; west wind off and on all day.
March 12th, Friday—Shadows; cold west wind.
March 13th, Saturday—Bright and calm, no snow.
March 14th, Sunday—Cold north wind; look like snow storm.
March 15th, Monday—Bright; light north wind.
March 16th, Tuesday—Bright all day.

Rheumatism
Neuritis, Sciatica, Neuralgia.Templeton's
Rheumatic
Capsules

Have brought good health to half-a-million sufferers.

A healthful, money-saving remedy, well known for fifteen years, prescribed by doctors, sold by druggists, \$1.00 a box. Ask our agents or write for a free trial package. Templeton, 142 King W., Toronto

LOCAL AGENT—A. D. FERGUSON

METHODIST CHURCH

Easter Services:—
11 a.m.—Easter Message.
2.30 p.m.—Open session of the Sunday School. An excellent children's program will be given. Parents especially invited.
7.30 p.m.—Easter's Hope.
The orchestra will play before the evening service beginning at 7.15. Special Easter music by the choir. There is no music like the Easter Music. Everybody is welcome to come and enjoy it.
W. A. LEWIS, B.A., Pastor.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE

Pre-eminent among modern writers stands Thornton W. Burgess from whose pen comes those fascinating storyettes for children which are known by kiddies all over the continent as "The Little Bedtime Stories." Mr. Burgess writes a story each day for The Calgary Daily Herald. These stories are just one of the many exclusive features which you will find in this great Alberta newspaper.

If you are not already a subscriber order today from: W. Whitworth, Macleod; Mrs. M. Harard, Brocket.

A jeweler should always have time enough for anything.
Fast friends leave you as soon as you cut down on the speed.
Don't burn your bridges ahead of you.
The regretful thing about turning over a new leaf is that you can't erase the old one.



When you buy a diamond

you exercise care in selecting one of high quality and value, because even diamonds have flaws and blemishes.
Education is more valuable than diamonds. Get this same judgment in buying a Business College Course as you would in buying a diamond. Consult them all and satisfy yourself that the value and quality of Garbutt Business College training is not equalled in any other institution.
Ask us for information about our courses in Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Accounting, Teacher Training and Clerical Work.

GARBUTT
BUSINESS COLLEGE
520-8th Avenue West, Calgary.

ADVANCEMENT OF AGRICULTURAL INSTRUCTION

To provide for demonstrations and instruction in all lines of agricultural work calculated to benefit the rural population is in brief the main object sought by the Agricultural Instruction Act, under which, starting in 1914, ten million dollars was to be distributed in ten years among the different provinces. The amounts paid to the respective provinces were graded for the first half of the term, after which \$1,100,000 was to be divided annually. The work that has been accomplished, and the work that is being done, is comprehensively set forth in the report for 1919-20, recently submitted to the Parliament of the Dominion. Between sixty and seventy per cent of the funds provided by the Act, or a total of \$644,070, is expended by the provinces on what is classed as demonstration and instruction work, including extension work. Of this amount forty-five per cent, or \$296,410, is used in connection with the agricultural representative system, which now finds its place in each of the nine provinces. When it is stated that, under the Act, a total of \$1,890,143 has been devoted to colleges and schools of agriculture in six years, some idea of the benefit that is being conferred on the rising generation in agricultural instruction can be inferred. The Report gives a review of the entire situation, and indicates that, owing in great measure to the encouragement derived from this grant, the progress made in such instruction has been most marked.

INCOME TAX REGULATIONS

The Act requires that all persons who are single and have income in excess of \$1000.00 or married with income in excess of \$2000.00 shall file Returns without notice or demand. In addition to these all persons whether taxable or otherwise who are called upon to do so must file Returns. If the net income of a farmer who is married is less than \$2000.00 he is not bound to file a Return. The greatest care must be taken however, in arriving at the amount of one's net income, to see that no items of Capital Expenditure or personal expense are included as deductions. As a general thing the safe course to follow is, "when in doubt file a Return." It is not absolutely necessary for a farmer to file a Return for a year when his income falls below the exempted amount even though his income for previous years may have been assessable; in this case, however, it is advisable for him to do so as he will undoubtedly be required to file at a later date.

HOW FOREST FIRES START

The record of forest fires in the United States shows that 25,000 timber conflagrations are started each year by human carelessness. Canada's record is estimated at about five to eight thousand annual forest fires and nine-tenths are due to the following human causes:—
Throwing away lighted tobacco and matches while in the woods.
Leaving camp fires unextinguished. (Every such fire should have at least two gallons of water with every ember thoroughly stamped out).
Clearing land in newly-settled districts by uncontrolled burning.

Carelessness by locomotive drivers. From what appeared like innocent causes many of Canada's worst forest conflagrations have taken their start. Last summer several thriving communities of New Brunswick were destroyed (with no insurance) because a few settlers took no precautions while burning off their lands. When prosecuted in court, the settlers confessed that they "did not know a little fire could get out of hand so quickly."

Spring is here—don't delay your purchases of machinery and parts necessary for seeding operations—get the old machinery ready and buy the new machinery necessary—Alex McDonald is to the front, as usual, with John Deere and Emerson farm machinery, Case, Rumley and Wallis Tractors, De Laval and Mellotte Cream Separators—order parts now—prompt delivery.

ST. ANDREWS CHURCH
1890-1921

Anniversary Service—
11 a.m.—Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered.
2.30 p.m.—Children's Easter Rally, special program, speakers: R. Patterson, T. S. McLean, Miss Muir.
7.30 p.m.—The Resurrection.
REV. J. KENNEDY.

CHRIST CHURCH

Services Good Friday:—
9.30 a.m.—Children's Service.
10.30 a.m.—Matins and Ante Communion.
2 and 3 p.m.—Meditations on the Passions.
7.30 p.m.—Evensong and preparation for Easter Communion.

Services for Easter Day:—
7 and 8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11 a.m.—Matins and Holy Communion.
2.30 p.m.—Children's Service.
7.30 p.m.—Evensong.

DR. N. D. STEELE WILL PRACTICE
IN CALGARY

Dr. N. D. Steele, who lately returned from attendance at the Tilden Health School, Denver, has opened an office in the P. Burns Building, Calgary. Dr. Steele's specialty will be "Proper Dieting in the treatment of all diseases acute and chronic." No chronic cases will be taken for less time than a month. For those who wish to come to Calgary for treatment good accommodation and nursing can be easily obtained. Phone M9119.
3-31

It is well to bear in mind that the thoughtless husband who lets his wife shove the coal in this world is likely to get more than his share in the next.

RHODE ISLAND REDS
ROSE COMB
COCKERELS

FROM \$5.00 to \$15.00
Only a Few Left
SETTINGS \$3.00 for 13 EGGS

C. HAMMERSLEY
Macleod — Phone 17

This Ad. will not appear again.

FOR CAREFUL WORK
Go To
W. T. Fleming
"THE BARBER"
24th Street — Macleod

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ROOMS ON 16th ST. BETWEEN 2nd And 3rd AVE.

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A WONDERFUL
NEW OFFER

in a
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE POLICY
Ask to See it at

A. F. GRADY
MACLEOD.

STORAGE BATTERIES

Sold,
Rented,
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Work promptly attended to.

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The B.B.C. Co. MONARCH WORLD'S BEST

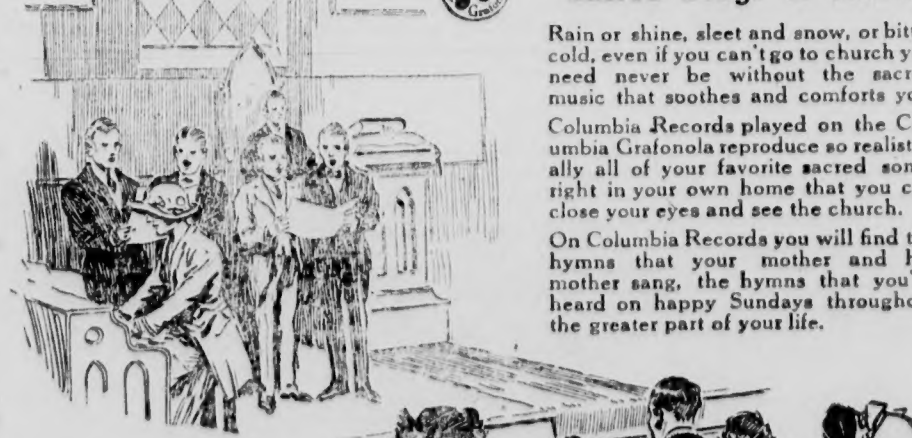
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Estimates on all classes of
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24th Street, First Door West
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Rubber
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and
Walking
Studs
Etc.
At
W. E. MACKIE — SHOEMAKER
Next Town Hall

Columbia
Grafonola and RecordsHear Sweet Hymns and
Sacred Songs at HomeLet us play these and
many others for you:

Abide With Me and Jesus, Lover of
My Soul, Graveyard and Columbia
Stellar Quartette. A5520, \$1.65

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder, Peerless
Quartette, and I Heard The Voice of Jesus Say,
Frank Croxon. A1305 \$1.00

What A Friend We Have In Jesus, Stanley and Barr,
and Throw Out The Life Line, Henry Barr. A126, \$1.00

Onward, Christian Soldiers, Columbia Quartette, and
Safe In The Arms of Jesus, Henry Barr. A144, \$1.00

Nearer, My God To Thee, Baritone Solo, and Let
The Lower Lights Be Burning, Harrison and
Authority. A247, \$1.00

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me, Oscar Seagle and Columbia
Stellar Quartette, and Will There Be Any Stars
In My Crown? Oscar Seagle. A2308, \$1.00

Hymns of The Old Church Choir, Peerless
Quartette, and There Is A Green Hill Far Away,
Harry McCluskey. A1769, \$1.00

A21

RICHARD W. RUSSELL,

Columbia Dealer,

Macleod, Alberta

J. S. LAMBERT
CONTRACTOR
AND
BUILDER

Shop Phone No. 4
House Phone No. 82
MACLEOD — ALBERTA

BEST EQUIPMENT
BEST SERVICE

Widest Range of Seasonable
Foods

Ice Cream, Candies, Soft
Drinks, Tobaccos, Cigars

THE SILVER GRILL

G. W. V. A. MACLEOD

EASTER MON. NIGHT DANCE

**Mon., Mar. 28, '21
VETERANS' HALL**

SUPPER WILL BE SERVED BY GREAT WAR VETERANS' NEXT-OF-KIN ASSOCIATION.

SPECIAL MUSIC—SMITH'S FOUR PIECE ORCHESTRA

LADIES \$1.00
GENTS \$1.00

EVERYBODY WELCOME

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NEWS

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If things are wrong,
Let's make 'em right;
If things are dull,
Let's make 'em bright;
And if they're good,
'Tis well to plan,
To make 'em better,
If we can. J. E. Long.

D. J. Grier was a business visitor to Calgary on Friday of last week.

Bruce Awey, of Leamington, Ont., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Henry.

Miss McDuff, of the Macleod Public School Staff, is spending a few days in Calgary.

Mr. F. Tatham, of Macleod, is a guest of Mr. T. Graham, of Brocket, for the Easter holidays.

W. C. Skelding, now of Toronto, and formerly of Macleod, is in town looking after business interests.

Mr. D. McKinley, the noted Scotch pedestrian, is a guest of the Rev. S. Middleton of the Blood Reserve.

R. W. Smith, of the staff of Jeweller Russell, returned on Saturday last from a holiday spent at Camrose, Alta.

Miss A. Woodward, of Macleod High School Staff, is spending the Easter vacation with her sister at Banff.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, of Pickerington-Thames, London, England, will shortly be taking up their residence in Macleod.

Application for letters probate of the will of the late councillor E. J. Muldoon have been filed by J. L. Fawcett, solicitor for executor.

W. N. Damon returned to Macleod on Thursday last week, after spending the winter months at Kelowna, B.C. Mrs. Damon is remaining at Kelowna for the present.

J. W. Moreash has been in the hospital during the past week where he underwent an operation for an abscess in the elbow of his left arm. Mr. Moreash is now well on the way to recovery.

Word has been received here from Father Lacombe's Home that Mrs. W. J. Strain is seriously ill and that little

hope is held for her recovery. Mrs. Strain, who is a former resident of Macleod, has suffered for years with partial paralysis.

Mrs. (Capt.) Lindsay left this week for Victoria, where she will visit her daughter, who is attending school in that city.

C. Cowan received word on Monday of this week of the sudden death of his father, Robert Cowan, at Milneburg, England, on the 6th of March. The late Mr. Cowan was the uncle of Robt. and James G. Hood, of Macleod.

Many farm leases have been drawn by local barristers during the past ten days—probably a dozen in all—speaking for the faith of outsiders in Macleod district as a farming community—involving as they do in most cases outsiders leasing farm lands in this district for the season of 1921.

Mrs. J. Stuttaford, of Willow Creek, was brought into Macleod Hospital last Thursday, suffering from weakness of the heart. Latest reports are that she is recovering rapidly. Mrs. G. Elliott, of Calgary, Mrs. Stuttaford's daughter, has been attendant at her mother's bedside for the past week and left today for her home in the north.

The advent of spring-like weather is causing many good citizens to set about tidying up their residence environment. This is an edifying spectacle and speaks well for the pride-of-community spirit which is becoming more apparent in Macleod. In this connection perhaps the Macleod Town Council might aid in the beautification of the town by having torn down or moved some of the eye-sores of Macleod in the way of old dilapidated buildings, etc., no longer worth repairing.

F. A. Adams, manager of the Farmers' Co-Operative Garage, last week attended a convention of Ford Dealers of Southern Alberta, held at the Palliser Hotel, Calgary, on Thursday and Friday, March 17 and 18. Mr. Adams predicts a healthy business during the coming spring and summer. The convention was a pronounced success both in a social and a business way. The Ford company spared no expense in showing their dealers a pleasant and profitable two days. A feature of the convention was the announcement by the Ford company that they will shortly place on the market a full line of farm ma-

chinery in conjunction with the Fordson Tractor.

R. F. Barnes spent the week-end in Blairmore.

C. B. Holmes is spending a few days' holiday in Calgary.

Let us make Macleod's slogan for Easter Sunday—Everybody at Church.

Miss McCuaig, of Macleod Hospital Staff, is spending a few days in Calgary.

Miss Claire Gimmell, of Crossfield, Alta., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hackett.

Miss Olive Young is spending Easter holidays in Calgary as the guest of her cousin Miss Evelyn Young.

Miss Root, of Macleod Public School Staff, is spending Easter vacation with friends at High River.

Lieut. R. Battersby is leaving Saturday morning for General Booth's Congress at Calgary. He will not return for a few days.

Miss Mae Murchison and Miss E. Fraser, both of Calgary, spent the week end in Macleod, the guests of Mrs. W. J. Ryan, returning home on Monday last.

Owing to the fact that the G. W. V. A. Hall is not now available for April 4th the Smoking Concert under the auspices of the Macleod Hockey Club has been postponed.

Macleod was honored with a visit from W. Pandell, of Tacoma, Wash., the eminent geologist, who has just returned from Edmonton and Fort Norman, where he has been looking into the oil situations.

The services in the Methodist Church last Sunday were most encouraging to the people. In the morning thirteen new members were received into the church, and a large number partook of the Lord's Supper. The church, in the evening, was well filled.

The news has been received here that Howard Atkins, a returned man, of Macleod, who recently joined the Bank of Commerce staff at Nordegg, Alberta, is recovering from a dangerous attack of scarlet fever. Mr. Atkins is a son of W. H. Atkins, an old-timer who recently moved to Salmon Arm, B.C., and since his return from overseas operated a garage here. He went to Nordegg just before Christmas.

At the district court held at Macleod before Judge Jackson, F. Bergman was on Monday sentenced to six months in jail on the charge of shop-breaking and theft at Nanton, to which he pleaded guilty. Accused, in January last, broke into a hardware store and got away with an automatic revolver, a rifle and a shotgun. In the same court Mrs. Irwin pleaded guilty to the charge of perjury preferred against her, and was let out on suspended sentence. Accused was to have appeared before the court at a previous date, and not doing so her bail was forfeited; she turned up, however, later at the court held on Monday. The charge of perjury was made against Mrs. Irwin following the evidence she gave in the cattle-steal-

COMING EVENTS FORESHADOWED

OLD TIMERS WILL ORGANIZE

A meeting of Old Timers is called to convene in the Town Hall, Macleod, on Saturday, March 26th, at 3 p.m., with the object of organizing a branch of the Southern Alberta Old Timers' Association. Thirty years or more in Alberta qualifies for membership. A good attendance is requested.

G. W. V. A. EASTER DANCE

The G. W. V. A. are going to put on another of those famous special dances of theirs—Easter Monday Night Dance. The organization promise the dancing public a premier function—one that will not soon be forgotten—on this occasion. Keep the date open—Monday, March 28th.

ANNUAL MEETING CURLING CLUB

The annual meeting of Macleod Curling Club will be held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, March 29th at 8 o'clock p.m. All members urgently requested to be present. 3-1t

Macleod Hockey Club will give a Grand Ball on Wednesday, April 13th, in the G.W.V.A. Hall. Every effort is being put forth to make this a memorable occasion for terpsichorean devotees—keep the date open.

NOTICE—VETERANS

Call at the post office for cards of application for War Medals. On account of the frequent changes of address the government cannot possibly keep in touch with each man. It's up to you to forward one of the printed post cards obtainable at the post office.

(Sgd.) C. P. McGLADDERY,
Sec. G.W.V.A.

H. H. Young wishes to announce that he has purchased the draying and auto livery business formerly conducted by George Marlow. All accounts due George Marlow in connection with the foregoing are payable to H. H. Young.

A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE WANTS WOMEN TO KNOW ADVANTAGES OF INTERNAL BATHING

If women could only see the thousands of letters Dr. Tyrrell has received from grateful women in all parts of the world thanking him for his wonderful invention for Internal Bathing they would soon discard the medicine bottle and look to the real cause of their trouble. 95 per cent. of all human ills are due to accumulated waste in the Colon, or large lower intestine. Warm water, properly used with the J. B. L. Cascade, will relieve the cause of your troubles, and perfect health will follow.

A Winnipeg clergyman writes: "My wife is naturally sensitive having her name appear in public print, yet is anxious that others should know what the J.B.L. Cascade has done for her. It has really given her a new lease of life. For years she had been doctoring for Constipation, which became worse each year. Since using the J. B. L. Cascade, first about four years ago, she has not been sick a day, and has become robust and strong again. Should any person wish this letter confirmed, you are at liberty to give my name in private."

The J.B.L. Cascade is shown and explained at A. D. Ferguson's, Drugist, Macleod, Alberta. The J.B.L. Cascade is an invention perfected by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York and has done more during the past few years to restore health and lessen disease than all other means combined. Ask for booklet explaining all about Internal Bathing and what it has done for others. It is free, or write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 163 College Street, Toronto.

ing case in which Minor was convicted and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment.

The matter of a conviction of Albert Valle made by Magistrate H. P. Burrell on the 12th of February, 1921, for selling liquor at Granum on the 31st of January last, came up on an application in certiorari to quash the same before Judge Ives at Macleod on the 17th inst. The application was based on a number of grounds. The judge on viewing the documents produced ordered the conviction quashed without going into other objections. Joseph Hicks for the applicant, J. W. McDonald for the Crown.

The Birthday Party which was held in the Methodist Parsonage on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid, and in celebration of the pastor's birthday, was a very pronounced success. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The musical program was of a very high order, the family of Mr. J. A. White and of Mr. J. Griffin were there in their usual good form, and gave some excellent selections. Mrs. C. Brewster as usual was highly appreciated and was escorted time after time. Mrs. Thewlis, with her reading, brought

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down the house. Mr. John T. Doney led the orchestra. The burlesque by Miss Margaret Shield and Miss E. Waterbury afforded much amusement. The Ladies Aid Society was benefitted to the extent of \$44.00.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnston have taken up residence on 20th St. Between 1st and 2nd Ave. (in the R. McCrea house). Mrs. Johnston has vacancies in her music class for a few pupils—Pianoforte: playing, technique and theory. P. O. Box 49, Macleod. 52-4tp-\$5.20

HUDSON'S BAY LINE CANNOT NOW BE GRANTED ASSISTANCE

OTTAWA, March 17.—There is to be no further work on the Hudson Bay Railway this year. On this, Dr. Reid was emphatic in the house of commons Wednesday.

J. A. Campbell, Nelson, Man., had a resolution asking the government to resume work on the railway. Hon. T. A. Crea supported the idea, but said the present time was not propitious for further heavy outlays.

Mr. Campbell declared that the government appeared to have forgotten its promises. After spending \$23,000,000 on the road, it appeared to have been abandoned. There were important resources in the district traversed by the road, and the people of the west were demanding that it be completed. There seemed to be interests responsible for the government's present attitude, and these interests were not showing their hands.

Financial Stringency

Financial stringency, Dr. Reid replied, was the only reason for construction work on the railway having been held up. It was postponed only until conditions were more favorable. Dr. Reid reminded Mr. Campbell that when 310 miles of the line were operated with bi-weekly train service, the revenue was not sufficient to pay the train crew's wages. "If money were available this year," said Dr. Reid, "I would use it to extend some railways in the west to the territories which have been suffering so long, and give them relief, instead of continuing the Hudson's Bay Railway at the present time."

Amendment Carries

Thomas Hay, Selkirk, moved an amendment that completion of the Hudson's Bay line be carried out when conditions permitted, and that the road be completed as soon as possible. This carried, and debate on the resolution as amended was adjourned.

Earlier in the afternoon the house took up Major C. G. Powers' resolution asking that the upkeep and control of the ancient walls and fortifications of Quebec be vested in the national battlefields' commission. The minister of militia said there was no objection to handing over part of the fortifications, but some must be retained by the militia department. Engineers were now making estimates of the cost of rebuilding and upkeep. Major Powers withdrew his motion on receiving this assurance.

Cannot Be Re-arrested

The release of W. H. Tapley, Montreal, from the penitentiary on ticket-of-leave, after serving seven years of a 30-year sentence, was discussed on a resolution of P. F. Casgrain, Charlevoix-Montmorency, which declared that Tapley should be re-arrested and sent back to the penitentiary. Mr. Casgrain declared that Tapley was a notorious usurer and money lender who was extorting huge sums from his victims, in some cases as high as 120 per cent.

Hon. Hugh Guthrie, replying, said that Tapley had been released on ticket-of-leave on representations which cast very serious doubt on the evidence which formerly convicted him. As long as he complied with the Ticket-of-leave Act, he could not be re-arrested. Mr. Casgrain's resolution was withdrawn.—Calgary Herald.

We never heard of a weather man winning a prize in a guessing contest.

It takes a pretty public-spirited man to run for office these days.

It takes lots of hard cash to play soft on a soft girl.

Anticipation is the stock-in-trade of the optimist.

BRIGHT MUNICIPAL DISTRICT No. 69

Councillors—T. Murphy, Evelyn; T. Bailey, Ardenville; Robt. Carroll, Macleod; R. B. McNab, Macleod; John Stienhoff, Macleod; Fred Wood, Macleod.

Secretary-treasurer—H. W. Bright, Council meets 1st Saturday, Municipal Offices, 24th St., Macleod.

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

Macleod Detachment staff officers: Commanding Officer, Inspector J. A. McDonald. Inspector W. J. Lindsay, Inspector Howard Townsend, Sergt.-Major W. Armour, Sergts. J. A. Webb and J. A. Allen.

MACLEOD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

President—H. Mackintosh. 1st vice-president—C. Hammersley. 2nd vice-president—J. Horner. Secretary-treasurer—R. J. E. Gardiner.

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